

# the Tatler

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MARCH 9, 1955

& BYSTANDER



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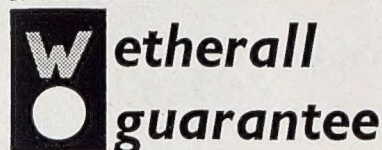


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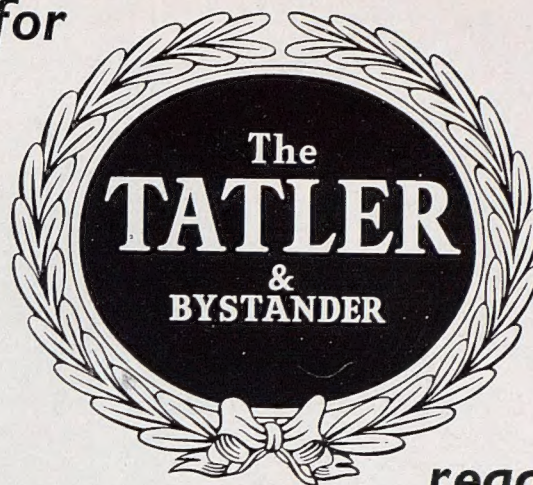
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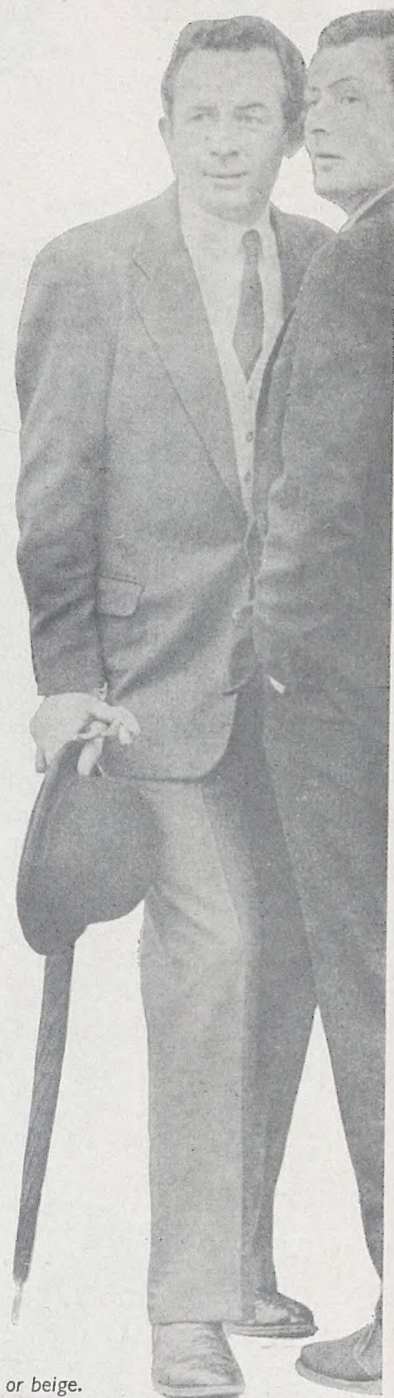
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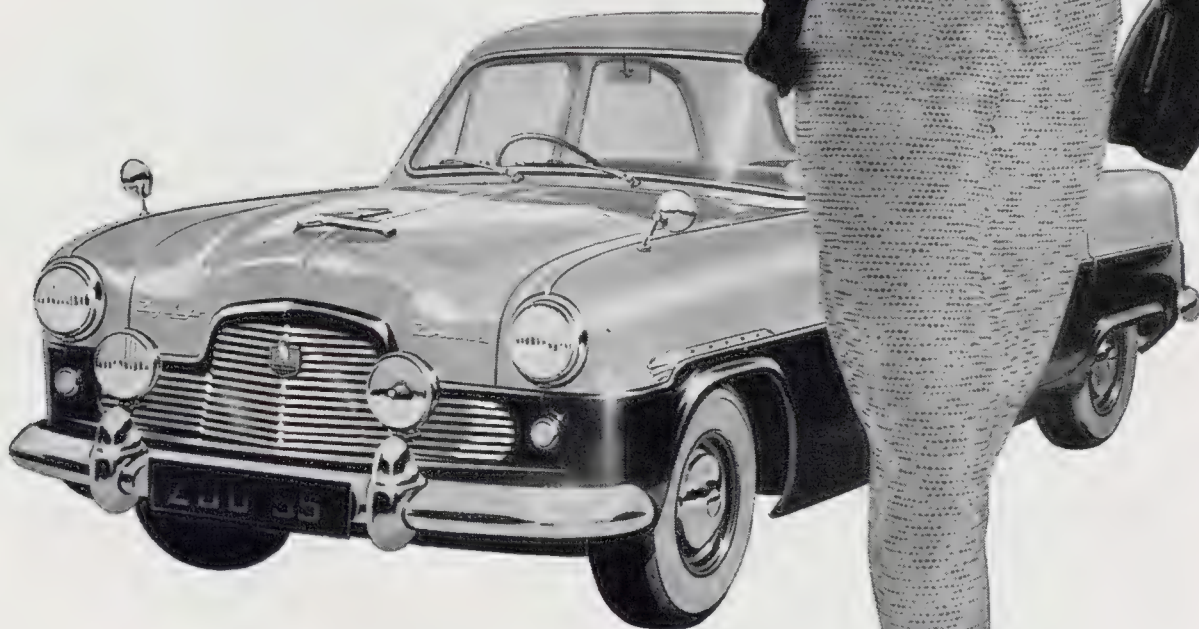
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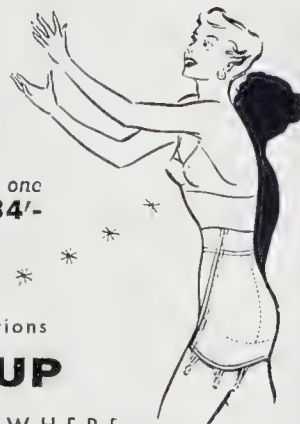
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*red*

**ballito RED BAND Nylons**  
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# Shorter and sweeter...



Brief as a spring breeze, these sweet short jackets by Pringle of Scotland will put you in the mood for going a-maying.

They're both in pure lambswool, downy as fledglings.

*Left:* 'Troon' brevis jacket has three-quarter demi-delta sleeves, baby Eton collar. In white, cherry, bluebird, squirrel, Sandringham green, or light navy. Sizes 34-42. £4.12.6

*Right:* 'Glencoe' brevis jacket has the same gentle motif on the cuffs of its short sleeves and its pretty double collar. In white squirrel, Chinese rose, light blue, Sandringham green, or hunting yellow. Sizes 34-42. 5 gns. Order the easier way through the Simpson Post Order Service, but please state second choice of colour.



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Also illustrated, Hollywood Maxwell brassiere 106 in nylon and net. Pink, white or black, A, B and C cup. 19/6.

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*Miss Whitehead*

wears a Diana Yearounder. One  
of the collection of famous  
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*Miss Whitehead appears by courtesy of the British International Equestrian Fund.*

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Step-in model 1141 in elastic net:

peach, white and black:  
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*The woman in tweed wears*



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This model can be seen in London at Mercia's salon at 10 Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, London, W.1 (MUSEum 5871) and at exclusive Fashion Houses throughout the country. Please write to Mercia for the name of the House in your vicinity.

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## Climax of a great tour

PRINCESS MARGARET attended, during her Caribbean tour, a State Ball given in her honour at University College, Kingston. She was received by Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone and was here being escorted by the Earl and Countess and the Governor of Jamaica, Sir Hugh Foot, and Lady Foot. The Princess returned to this country by air last week, after her brilliantly successful and happy visit to the principal islands of the British West Indies





Norton-Pratt

## The youngest generation at Cambo

CAROLINE, William and Peter are the children of Sir David Erskine, Bt., and Lady Erskine, their ages being six, two and four respectively. Their home is Cambo House, Kingsbarns, Fifeshire. The Erskine title dates back to 1792, and Sir David is the fifth baronet. Lady Erskine is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Fraser-Tytler, D.S.O., M.C., of Aidourie Castle, Inverness, and is descended from the two eminent Scottish historians Lord Woodhouselee and his son

*At play under the eyes  
of their ancestors*



## A STUDENT OF DRAMA

MISS JILL PARKINSON is the youngest daughter of Mr. A. E. Parkinson, chairman of Sir Lindsay Parkinson and Co., and Mrs. Parkinson. She was a débutante in Coronation year and is now studying at the Central School of Speech and Drama. She has just returned to England after spending several months of the winter in the Bahamas



Eric Coop

*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## BRIDAL AT SANTA MARIA

CANNES. After a two-day stay here, I flew from Nice to Rome for the wedding of Viscount Hambleden, son of the late Viscount Hambleden and Viscountess Hambleden, to Donna Maria Carmela Attolico di Adelfia, daughter of the late Count Bernardo Attolico and of Contessa Eleonora Attolico di Adelfia. This took place in the beautiful old Roman Catholic church of Santa Maria in Domnica, Rome, where the pews were all covered with crimson brocade, braided in gold.

Hundreds of white carnations studded into soft greenery decorated the magnificent gilded altar, and were massed high between the tall candles which made a very picturesque back-

ground. Unfortunately, much of this was spoilt during the ceremony by the intrusion of a number of Italian cameramen and women who clambered without respect over this especially sacred part of the church, letting off their flash bulbs right through the brief service, only two or three feet from the young couple.

So crowded was the church that guests were not only standing in both side aisles, but were also packed close together up most of the centre aisle. In Italy it is not customary, I gathered, to have a number of ushers as we do at a big wedding in England, and the only people carrying out these duties were the bride's brothers, Count Bartolemeo and Count Giacomo Attolico di Adelfia. It

seemed a great pity that those three very experienced ushers, Lord Wilton, the Hon. Peter Ward and Mr. Billy Wallace, quickly known in Rome as "the three Ws," who arrived at the ceremony together, were not asked to help place the guests.

THE bride, who was given away by her grandfather Count Pietromarchi, looked serene and lovely in spite of the crowds. Her wedding dress of exquisite old family Brussels lace was gauged up the bodice to the high neckline, with long tight sleeves and a full skirt, while her lace veil was held in place by a coronet of orange blossom and she carried a stiff Victorian bouquet of white flowers.

[Continued overleaf]





## DUKE AND DUCHESS MET THE SHAH

THE Shah of Persia and Queen Soraya were guests of honour at a dinner party given by the Iranian Ambassador and Madame Soheily, at which the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were present. The dinner was followed by a soiree

*The Shah of Persia and his Queen (left) waiting to receive the guests at the Savoy. Behind them is the Iranian Ambassador, M. Soheily. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are seen (right) with Mme. Soheily*



## Continuing The Social Journal

### A reception at sunset after the wedding

Her jewellery was a diamond and ruby brooch, a pearl necklace and long drop pearl ear-rings. There were no bridal attendants.

Witnesses for the bridegroom were Lord Herbert and his uncle the Hon. James Smith, and for the bride her uncle Count Pietromarchi, formerly Italian Ambassador to Turkey, and her eldest brother Count Bartolemeo Attolico di Adelfia who was home from the U.S., where he now works.

After the ceremony which did not start until 5.20 p.m., the bride's good-looking mother, the Contessa Eleonora Attolico di Adelfia, who wore a pale blue halo hat made of feathers with her ice blue brocade dress and mink stole, gave a reception at their charming home in Via Porta Latina. Here, every room was filled with vases or baskets of white arum lilies, carnations, lilacs, tulips, azaleas or cyclamen, all sent as gifts to the bride on her wedding day.

ALTHOUGH it was after 6 p.m. and the sun had set, the French windows from the three reception rooms were open and guests strolled out on to the terrace and enjoyed the beauty of the floodlit garden and floodlit steeple of the little church next door. Viscountess Hambleden, the bridegroom's mother, looked charming in a long pale blue coat over a dark blue dress with a little hat to match as she stood greeting friends with a radiant smile. Her daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Brand, in a blue shot faille dress and little red cap, and the Hon. Katharine Smith, in a black dress with touches of white and a little white hat, stood nearby with Capt. Michael Brand and Lord Plunket.

Many members of the Diplomatic Corps in Rome came to the wedding including the British Ambassador and Lady Ashley Clarke, and the American Ambassador Mrs. Clare Luce, who looked very chic when I saw her at the reception with no hat on her beautifully burnished fair hair, and wearing a

short mink cape over her simple black dress. The French Ambassador and the Comtesse D'Ormesson were there, also the German Ambassador and Frau von Brentano, the Brazilian Ambassador and Senhora Alves de Souza, Sir Douglas Howard our Minister to the Holy See, and Princesse Cyprienne de Drago, the French-born wife of the Italian Ambassador designate to Tokyo. It was not surprising to find so many of the Diplomatic Corps there, as the bride's father, the late Count Bernardo Attolico, was before the war Ambassador in Moscow and then in Berlin.

The late Sir Nevile Henderson, our Ambassador in Berlin up to the outbreak of war, paid tribute to the late Count Bernardo's part in working so hard for peace, and his great personal efforts to avert war, in the chapter entitled "Munich" in his book *Failure Of A Mission*.

LADY JULIET DUFF, in a coffee coloured dress with an ostrich feather trimmed hat to match, Lady Herbert in a peacock blue ensemble, her pretty debutante daughter the Hon. Diana Herbert in blue with a little red hat and the Hon. David Smith, were among members of the bridegroom's family I saw. Other guests included the Infanta Beatriz of Spain, now Princess Torlonia, in a small hat and mink coat, Lord and Lady Ogilvy, the latter wearing a mink coat and little black hat, Prince and Princess Ruspoli, and Princess Pignatelli and her daughter Giovanna, who looked striking wearing a white mink stole over her low cut black dress with a little flowered cap.

Two of the best dressed and best looking women at the wedding were Viscountess Bridport, who wore an osprey trimmed blue beaded cap with her loose velvet trimmed black faille coat, and the lovely American-born Contessa Marco Fabio Crespi, who wore Paulette's lavender coloured iridescent sequin trimmed coronet cap with a mink coat over a black dress.

CONTE MARCO FABIO CRESPI was also there and very gallantly and graciously gave up his seat in the church to Princess Isabella Colonna who arrived rather late. Her son Prince Colonna was there with his wife, also the Marchese and Marchesa Leonardi, the newly married Prince and Princess Alexandre del Drago—she is a daughter of

Signor Valdoni, the famous Italian surgeon—the Marchese and Marchesa Serlupi, the latter very chic in a black velvet coat with a tiny white hat and white gloves, Signora Branca in black and the Duchesa di Talleyrand in light blue, who had Mr. Billy Wallace sitting between them in the church. The Duca and Duchesa di Talleyrand gave a big cocktail party for the bride and bridegroom and many of their friends on the eve of the wedding at their lovely home in Pecci-Blunt Palace, Piazza Ara Coeli.

THE bride and bridegroom set a very sensible example, for when they had shaken hands with about fifty guests (who incidentally were not announced or formed into a rigid line of reception) they moved into the dining-room to cut the wedding cake. Later the bride, who had a long silver spoon in her hand, dipped it into a silver tureen filled with snow white sugared almonds of which she gave a few to everyone.

Others among the two thousand guests at this happy Anglo-Italian wedding included the Duca and Duchesa Mariano Imperiali di Francavilla, Countess Berkeley, who has several homes in Italy and is a great personality in Roman circles, Signor Sandro Pallavicini, Marchesa Christina Marconi, widow of the famous inventor of wireless, Contessa Maria Sole di Campello, and Prince and Princess Boncompagni, who were giving a children's fancy-dress party the following day.

SIGNORA MIRSCHINA ARIVABENE was there as also were Sir D'Arcy Osborne, a former British Minister to the Holy See, who now lives in Rome, Mr. Jim Utley who is on Sir Douglas Howard's staff, Mr. Derek Hill who runs the British School of Art so successfully during the winter season in Rome, Lo Baronessa Lo Monaco in a little petal cap and a mink coat, and the Duchesa di Caesero, charming in black with touches of white.

The reception went on until after 8 p.m. when the bride and bridegroom left for Naples on their way to Sicily where they were spending the first week of their honeymoon. From here they were going in a ship to Brazil for two months before returning to settle down at his country home near Henley-on-Thames.

Pictures of the wedding reception will be found on pages 460-1.





(Left) Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, Mme. Vladimir Velebit, wife of the Yugoslav Ambassador and H.E. Gunnar Hägglöf



The Countess of Hardwicke, Lady John Hope, who was talking to Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Mr. L. A. C. Fry and Lord John Hope

Later that evening I saw the bridegroom's sisters with a party of friends, including Lord and Lady Ogilvy, dining with Conte and Contessa Marco Fabio Crespi at Passetto, one of Rome's smartest restaurants. Contessa Crespi was especially delighted to meet Lady Ogilvy again as they both come from Rhode Island, U.S., where their families are quite near neighbours. Afterwards we went on to have coffee in the Blue Room at the Orso, and finally went to the top of this famous old house to dance at "La Cabala," the smartest night club in Rome, rather like our "400."

HERE I met the Marchese Civitella, a great connoisseur of old furniture, with Viscount and Viscountess Bridport, as well as many guests who had been at the wedding earlier including Conte Philipo Senni who was for some time at the Italian Embassy in London where he was Assistant Military Attaché.

On my way to the airport next day I lunched with Mr. Andrew Constable-Maxwell and his lovely American-born wife in their new home in the grounds of Princess Nini Pallavicini's exquisite home in Via 22 Maggio. Unfortunately I missed seeing Princess Pallavicini, who is one of the most chic and amusing Italians, as she was still away in St. Moritz. Lunching with the Constable-Maxwells were Prince George Radziwill, who has made his home in Rome for many years, and Mr. Robert Constable-Maxwell, who is now also living in Rome and helping his uncle in the motor industry.

★ ★ ★

I LEFT London with snow on the ground and still falling fast from a very grey sky, to fly in one of B.E.A.'s Elizabethans to Nice. My departure I must say amazed me, so bad was the organization at the airport. Not a porter was to be found when we arrived by car, and those I eventually saw said they were busy, and the police would not let the chauffeur leave the car to take the luggage in. It was only thanks to Sir Noël Charles, our former Ambassador in Brazil, Rome and Turkey, who was on his way to his home in France, and the Earl of Lanesborough, travelling to Rome, who found an empty barrow and pushed my cases out of the snow to the departure desk, that I ever got started.

[Continued overleaf]



H.E. the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Ricardo Rivera Schreiber were among those who were invited to the dinner and soirée



Mr. T. R. D. Belgrave, Lady Maud, Mrs. Belgrave and Sir John Maud, G.C.B., were exchanging greetings during the evening



The Duchess and Duke of Hamilton and Brandon were here enjoying a talk with Air Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle



The Hon. Mrs. M. Bridgeman, Mrs. Anthony Nutting, Lady Adeane and the Hon. Maurice Bridgeman, brother of Viscount Bridgeman

Swaebe



## Continuing The Social Journal

Golf among the pines  
of the Midi

Then I joined a long queue while one clerk dealt with the tickets and luggage of the forty or fifty passengers on this flight. One of the two empty desks adjoining could so easily, with a little planning, have been used as well to lessen the delay, but as it was it took twenty-five minutes to get from the car to the Customs.

Having used airports in many parts of the world and never found such chaos before, I was even more astonished when, on remarking to two officials how bad the arrangements were, they implied that it would be much worse in the summer. This was adding insult to injury, and I sincerely hope something will be done to improve matters here before we have the annual influx of visitors from overseas.

**H**APPILY our arrival in Nice, in contrast, was very comfortable and well managed. One of the first people I saw was Monsieur Naniche, the very efficient manager of B.E.A. in this part of the world; who does a splendid job for the organization out here and has the gratitude of thousands travelling on this line annually. On our arrival, the Côte d'Azur was bathed in sunshine, but with a strong wind blowing. I found Cannes very gay with the hotels full and a number of villas occupied. Many of the English visitors were playing golf each day out at the Cannes Country Club at Mougins, which Col. Carlton runs so efficiently during the winter months, until April, when he transfers his efforts to Deauville where he also runs the golf club.

Mougins is a delightful eighteen-hole course situated in a valley surrounded by pine forests. The course was laid out in 1923 by Mr. H. S. Colt and opened in 1924 when the late Lord Cheylesmore became President of the club. He was succeeded by the late Earl of Derby who played here for many years and did much for the club. I was interested to learn that the greens, which appeared in perfect condition, were planted in 1928 with the native mountain grass *poa bulbosa* which grows from a tiny bulb. It lies dormant from the end of April, when the course is closed, and remains so until the autumn, which obviates the necessity of having to resow the greens every September, as ordinary grass withers during the hot summer months here.

**T**HE clubhouse has a magnificent view down the valley with the snow-capped Italian Alps in the background, and is enchanting. It is over three hundred years old and was originally an olive oil mill, which has been cleverly converted, preserving the charm of an old Provençal *mas*. The old oil presses still exist untouched in the clubhouse, which is only eight kilometres from Cannes.

The day I was there, a large number of players were competing for the Coupes de Nice. Among those who have been enjoying this good course recently are Lord and Lady Tryon, who flew out in the B.E.A. Elizabethan and were staying in a villa near Cannes, the Marchioness of Northampton who is quickly becoming one of our top lady golfers, Col. and Mrs. Douglas Forster, Mrs. Jean Garland, who was here early and is shortly going off to her home in the Bahamas for a visit, Lt.-Col. Giles Loder, Mr. Ronald and Lady Elizabeth Bassett, the Duke of Norfolk, Capt. Jack Clayton and Capt. and Mrs. Peter Hastings Bass who were all staying in Cannes, and Major Eric Loder who, with his good-looking wife, was living in a villa here.



Swaebe

LADY URSULA d'ABO and her daughter, Louisa Jane, who was recently christened at St. Andrew's Church, West Wratting, near Cambridge. Lady Ursula, a sister of the Duke of Rutland, married Mr. Erland d'Abo in 1951. The godparents were Lord John Manners, the child's uncle, Lord Beaverbrook, Mr. Dermot Dinan, Mr. Andrew Wemyss, Lady Anne Coke, Lady Bruntisfield and Miss Gwen Collier



Cannes is a great centre for everyone. For those who are not quite so energetic there are drives and walks to be taken along this beautiful coast, and those who are musical can enjoy first-class concerts. This month Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten are appearing there. The Marquis de Cuevas's ballet opened a six-weeks season early in February, which is proving a tremendous success. Then, of course, there is always the Casino where they have the usual galas every Saturday night, also special Tuesday and Thursday dinners each week which are proving very popular this year.

In Cannes that great and lovable personality Monsieur André reigns supreme, supervising the Casino which is run so efficiently, and taking a keen interest in everything affecting the comfort of visitors. During the winter months he stays with Mme. André at the Hotel Majestic until he goes to Normandy at the beginning of April for the opening of the hotels and Casino at Deauville, and for quick visits to Le Touquet, in which also he has now a big interest.

I was glad to hear that this year Silver City Airways are running a ferry service carrying cars direct from Southampton to Deauville from April 6, as well as their regular services from Lydd to Le Touquet and Calais, and a new service from Birmingham to Le Touquet.

**L**ORD BRABAZON OF TARA came down from St. Moritz to join Lady Brabazon at the Hotel Majestic where other guests included Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley, Lady Coxen, the Dowager Lady Peek, Mrs. Pickering and her daughter, Mrs. Peter Benton-Jones whose daughter Jill is making her début this year, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Mullins, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Morgan, who were playing golf each day as were Brig. and Mrs. William Wyatt who were also staying there.

In the Majestic I also met Mr. Pat Dennis with his arm still in plaster as the result of a hunting accident. He was having a drink with Mr. Bernard and Lady Margaret van Cutsem and Mr. Nicko Collins.

Mme. Léon Volterra in dark blue lace over white, and Mrs. Jack Thursby in a beautiful grey tulle dress, accompanied by Mr. Thursby, were the two best dressed women at the Saturday night gala at Les Ambassadeurs. The Thursbys were another couple playing golf daily.

Others enjoying the delights of the best postwar winter season in Cannes included Mr. and Mrs. Edwin McAlpine, who had his mother and other members of their family with them, Lord and Lady Cornwallis who were staying at the Martinay, Mr. and Mrs. John Blundell, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Toby Whetherley, Mrs. Sydney Loder, Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop, Lady Crosfield, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne who were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cleaver at the lovely Villa Golden Gate which they have taken for the winter. The Cleavers, who had their son Maurice and their daughter Mrs. David Crichton staying with them, have just bought a villa at Cap d'Ail.

★ ★ ★

**O**N Friday, April 15, the Three Counties Ball in aid of the National Playing Fields Association and the County Playing Fields Association of Berks, Bucks and Oxon, will be held at Phyllis Court Club. The Ball is under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., also the Lords Lieutenant of the three counties. Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary, Phyllis Court Club, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.



Godfrey Cake

MAJOR LORD CARRINGTON, M.C., AND HIS FAMILY on the staircase of their home at the Manor House, Bledlow, Buckinghamshire. The children are Rupert, aged six, Virginia eight and Alexandra, the eldest, eleven. Lord Carrington, who is Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Defence, succeeded to the title in 1938. Lady Carrington is the daughter of Sir Francis Kennedy McClean



## THE PHOENIX THAT ROSE FROM THE ASHES

• Pamela Berry •

*Lady Pamela Berry is the energetic President of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. Her account of London couture is of particular interest to those who are at this time preparing themselves and their daughters for the coming season*



Queen Soraya of Persia at a private fashion show presented to her by the Incorporated Society of Fashion Designers. The model seen here is by Michael Sherard

THE story of the British fashion industry is a success story. Looking back to the years immediately after the war, the years when it was smart to be shabby, it is hardly credible how far we have come, and how fast.

In those not so long ago days, we were still fettered by clothes coupons and austerity minded to a degree. In the skimpy short skirts and preposterously padded shoulders we had worn for years, we boasted of not having a stitch to put on.

Like everyone else, our fashion designers had spent the war in the Services. Their drift back into peacetime life was gradual, and when they tried to reopen their prewar businesses or to start new ones they were faced with grave difficulties, from the shortage of labour to the scarcity of almost any good material. Fine craftsmanship and *haute couture* seemed indeed to be hanging by a thread.

BUT gradually the rusty wheels started to turn again. The British fashion industry did literally rise up like a phoenix out of the ashes of war. There could be no clearer proofs of its importance today—political, economic and social—than the suggestion last July from the Chancellor of the Exchequer that we should borrow No. 11, Downing Street to give a reception in honour of the overseas buyers and journalists visiting London for the collections; and that the Lord Mayor, Sir Seymour Howard, should lend us the Mansion House for a similar party a few weeks ago.

It was the first time in history that the Mansion House has been lent for an occasion of this kind. The Duchess of Gloucester came to meet buyers from places as far distant as Dallas and Helsinki, and the presence of several Ministers whose jobs were not directly connected with fashion emphasized with finality Government recognition of fashion as an industry.



Fayer

(Left) The Countess of Westmorland, who is one of the most lovely of our young peeresses. She married the Earl of Westmorland in 1950

### THE ELEGANCE OF ENGLAND

The beautiful Marchioness of Northampton (right) is the chatelaine of Castle Ashby and Compton Wynyates. She married the present marquess in 1942



Yevonde



All this has been built up through the growing prestige of our fashion designing. For however excellent our ready-to-wear clothes are—and they are known to be unsurpassed for both quality and value—*haute couture* is essential to any country which wishes to lead in fashion or even to be placed. The shop window of Britain, which shows off our textiles to the world, is made up of twelve names and twelve names only. These names represent top fashion in this country. In contrast to this, there are fifty-six members of the *Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne*; and the average Paris house employs five hundred people (Dior nearly one thousand), whereas the largest London house does not employ more than 250.

ONLY the Paris houses, and of them only two or three at the most, have the authority and resources to make sweeping changes in the silhouette—and they, after all, are not limited to their own resources; they are financially guaranteed by the French Government's *aide de la couture*, and are as well considerably indebted to the French textile trade. Clearly then, any talk of London ousting Paris from her lead in world fashion is absurd wishful thinking.

Nevertheless, London has now established for herself a position in the front rank. A few years ago we were pleased enough if American and other overseas buyers and journalists stopped for a day or so in London on their way to Paris. Now we are no longer just a halting place on their itineraries. We are considered worth visiting on our own account. Clashes between the dates of fashion openings in Paris, Rome and London used to be annoyingly frequent. Since last July, when Paris moved her dates so that they exactly coincided with ours, the heads of both the French and the Italian fashion industries have courteously suggested to me that consultations about future dates should be held between us to avoid any more such clashes. One suspects it was becoming evident that this colliding of dates was not entirely to London's disadvantage; that, on the contrary, there were those who decided to come to London even if it meant cutting out Rome and being a little late in reaching Paris.

THE very fact that there are so few London designers gives them, paradoxically, a certain strength which they would not otherwise have. It means that the amount of publicity which London designing gets has only to be divided by twelve. In other words, each name gets more news; each name has a fame. To have a label in your coat-lining of any one of the London houses is to have a name that everyone knows. Whereas, who can be familiar with every one of the fifty-six names of the Paris houses? Most people would be hard put to it even to name six or eight of them. These would certainly be drawn from that inner circle of the extreme élite, whose names have been built up with a refinement of skilled publicity till the very pronouncing of them has an almost mesmeric effect. So much so in fact that a large part of the world remains firmly convinced that fashion emanates only from Paris.

But the English designers have one immense advantage Paris has not got. They have a reigning Royal Family to dress and the camera lenses of the world are continually focused upon these Royal models. The combined dress shows which the Incorporated Society have given for the past four years to the Queen, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret are an opportunity and a stimulus to the dress industry which the designers of no other country have.

It would be completely out of tradition for

our Royal ladies to be leaders of fashion in the sense of launching new lines and new looks, and they wisely do not attempt it. But they are perfectly dressed in an ever changing flow of beautifully made and becoming clothes, and their presence at the many occasions they grace sets a standard of dressing for others to live up to—men as well as women—which does not exist in any other country.

TO find a parallel in France one would have to go back to the Second Empire and the age of Worth. I receive peppery letters at regular intervals from Paris written by my friend Nancy Mitford, that sparkling and ardent Francophile, in which she assures me that elegance is the exclusive perquisite of her adopted countrywomen. But without discourtesy to the many exquisite Frenchwomen of my acquaintance I would like in principle to disagree with this.

For the grand and glittering occasion I prefer the Englishwoman who is not afraid to get all her diamonds out of the bank. At these times, it seems to me that the Frenchwoman, for all her everyday chic, cannot compete with her. That very distinguished lady, Mme. Auriol, when she came to England a few years ago on a State visit, dressed with almost austere elegance in starkly simple dresses with little or no jewellery. But she was



LADY PAMELA BERRY, author of this article, is the wife of the Hon. Michael Berry and a sister of the Earl of Birkenhead

surrounded by Englishwomen whose tiaras blazed and dazzled, and it was at them that one looked.

IN no other country is there anything comparable to our English summer season, which starts with the first *débutante's* ball in May and continues with mounting frenzy, for those young and strong enough to stand it, until August. English summer clothes move romantically against a background of trees and flowers, rivers, lawns and racecourses. English designers understand and explore the possibilities of this background. Seen against it, it is possible that the strict elegance of a Parisienne might be neither becoming nor correct—a softer interpretation of the line is necessary.

The English designers not only understand our traditional background, but also our personal financial restrictions. Today the London dress designer, visited by a mother and her daughter, realizes that in all probability he will only be asked to make her one good and versatile dress. It is very different to the days when he used to dress her mother, but he throws himself with enthusiasm into the *débutante's* worries and makes her a cocktail dress that must also be a dinner and theatre dress, as well as look right at a garden party and any other gatherings she will be invited to that summer.

WHILE the top fashion group was reorientating itself at the end of the war into the solid force now known internationally as the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, similar improvements were taking place lower down in the clothes scale. A large group of manufacturers has grown up who are clever at seizing the latest trends out of the most creative of the new Paris collections and incorporating them into excellent ready-made clothes which are quickly on sale all over Britain at reasonable prices. This is undoubtedly why the standard of dressing in this country is now so much higher than it was before the war. I even think it begins to stand comparison with the United States in this respect, though the fastidiously dressed business girls who delight the eye in every American city as they go to and from their work are not yet a reality here.

It is unfortunately true that the London collections are less exciting than the Paris ones from a reporter's point of view. London houses cannot afford such lavish and dramatic openings, nor afford to make extravagant models which may not sell. With their State backing, Paris and Rome can afford a certain number of eye-catching but unsellable numbers in each collection—models especially designed to fly straight into the headlines. The cost of producing them is, in effect, a publicity expenditure. Unfortunately, our designers have not sufficient working capital for publicity of this kind.

However, one has only to think of the world-wide reputation of London's men's tailoring, which is conducted in dignified anonymity (one might almost say in deep secrecy) to realize that publicity is not all.

I FEEL sure that, successful as our last London openings have been, there are even more successful times to come. Fashion has become one of the first three industries in this country; the textile trade alone employs more workers than either steel or mining. And it is our increasingly friendly relations with the textile trade which is one of the things we can be most happy about. English *couture* and English textiles can do much to help each other. Their prestige is inevitably linked. I personally believe that they are going a long way together.



# Roundabout

—Paul Holt



**P**ARTS of north Devon and Cornwall are feeling neglected and incomplete. Although this is almost certainly due to the falling off in the tourist trade due to the abominable summer we had last year, north Devon and Cornwall are taking it personally.

The natives lack the true feeling of spring.

The problem has been handed to Mr. Edward Blacknell, vice-chairman of the Devon Festival Council, for action, and he has produced a plan.

Hostelries are to be visited by troubadours. Music, drama and even the ballet is to find its way across Bodmin Moor to furbish the attractions of this remote and lovely part of Britain.

Poets are to be asked to write lyric ballads "that can be set against the contrapuntal background of a guitar."

And these same poets are to be asked to recite their own works in the public bars of pubs. Mr. Goodsir Smith and Mr. Ronald Duncan are two poets who have agreed to help, on condition that they not only end up in "a good class pub," but begin there, too.

**I** SHALL most certainly be hoping to join them from time to time, for the last time I visited north Devon in the spring I was filled with melancholy.

I went to nearby Boscastle, in Cornwall, as fine a smuggling cove as ever you saw, but the only entertainment they offered me was an awkward crocodile of villagers following the town band and singing a curious version of the Furry Dance, which rightly belongs to Helston in south Cornwall. They played and sang in a self-conscious way and spring kittens peeped at them through the long roadside grass in dismay.

I went on to Zennor, where once upon a time the villagers built a strong stone wall around a cuckoo, to keep the spring with them all the year round. But the villagers had forgotten where the wall was and so I had to pretend I had found it.

I went to Tintagel, but found King Arthur's rock-girt castle surrounded by snacks and picture

postcards and garages, so moved on south to St. Neots.

Here there lived the jolliest saint in all the world. He stood no more than 3-ft. tall and had to be extra devout because his instincts were lively. Every time he saw a milkmaid go by he would jump into a puddle to calm the old Adam, and when he wanted to enter his church he would jump up on a tombstone and throw the key at the lock, for he could not reach it from the ground.

I made it my business to ask the vicar about this splendid saint, but he was busy with Easter decorations and did not seem interested.

Troubadours and their guitars may do a lot for this lovely and secret corner of England, where soon the primroses and wild violets, as lusty as pansies, guide the sure way to hidden delights.

**A** PERSONALITY died the other day. Lady Munnings's black Peke, Black Knight, gave two sighs and stopped breathing.

So we lose a character again from the English scene. I have seen Black Knight, tucked in a muff, at a Lord Mayor's banquet and on Epsom racecourse, inspecting the horses.



He had dignity and curiosity, two attributes most admired in the male, and also conveyed the impression to me that he enjoyed the larger life his mistress exposed him to.

There is the legend that a Peke is a mixture of a lion and a monkey. In that dog it seemed a suitable mixture.

**I**T is a lack to London that the exhibition of eighteenth-century paintings has closed. They brought a peace to us.

That wonderful Chardin of a lady cooking, splendid bits of tranquillity made by a lady Cleopatra with a pearl to dissolve.

A white bird, most beautifully painted, hanging upside down.

None of the pictures left us in any doubt that peace and reflection were the mood of that age, and whether Voltaire and Jean-Jacques Rousseau disturbed it does not matter.

While it was there it was valuable.

**S**URELY it is an imposition on punters that two-year-olds who have not yet started their first real season should be offered at prices as small as six to one. Nobody can know how these babies can have wintered, yet I am offered six to one by a celebrated bookmaker on such as Acropolis and Hugh Lupus.

The bookmakers deserve the lack of custom they get if they offer prices like that at this stage of the game.

Both horses are good ones. But I would not like to guess how they have wintered.

The best horse last year was a filly, Gloria Nicky, daughter of the Gold Cup winner Alycidon. She is a pale bay, unlike her dad who is a warm chestnut.

I saw her on the old course at Newmarket with Sir Gordon Richards on her back just after I had talked to her pa, Alycidon, in his paddock at the Stanley House stud. Her pa was cross, his girl



## PERSONAL COLUMN

*Earnest young woman, tired of the weather,  
Upper lip stiff but complexion like leather,  
Too dumb to write verse, can croak but not  
sing,  
Would none the less welcome a promptly  
sent spring.*

Lorna Wood

was gay. I have a feeling she might win the One Thousand Guineas or the Oaks.

★ ★ ★

OUR grave contemporary *Punch* is going into show business.

A revue is being prepared for the West End which will feature the characters, wit, humour and topicality of the magazine.

Weekly meetings around *Punch's* famous round table are being held, sometimes with quite macabre results, for it is not easy for the editorial mind to grasp the ritual conventions of the stage.

I shall be content to see my friend A. P. H. attempting a good buck-and-wing, with Malcolm Muggeridge and H. F. Ellis as two corner men exchanging jokes that nobody but they could possibly understand.

If only it's gay. . . .

★ ★ ★

MR. J. H. FINGLETON, a renowned Australian cricketer of prewar days, remarks: "... we are going through, and seem destined for many more days of that discontent that England knew so well in the immediate postwar years of cricket. A real difference and an important one is that I am afraid we won't accept our rebuffs in anything like as good a mood and spirit as England did."

Good-o for you, cobber. That needed saying. But I think the madder Australia is now the sooner they will become again an unbeatable team.

I wish we got mad sometimes. There is something snobbish about the bland amusement with which we accept our defeats.

★ ★ ★

THE battle about tea prices has excited the politicians. They find in it a sop to their uneasiness as the election battle grows nearer. Both sides can use it.

But the crux of the fight is, of course, not here but in the East. Ceylon, India and other tea growing countries seek to set up their own markets and ignore Mincing Lane.

It is a battle of climate, really. For nothing but climate can now keep London as the world centre of the tea market. Stocks of tea don't keep in humid weather. Mincing Lane is secure in that knowledge.



LORD GRIMTHORPE, of Easthorpe Hall, Malton, Yorks, is a Senior Steward of the National Hunt Committee, and therefore the man at Cheltenham's National Hunt Festival this week. His Fortina won the Cheltenham Gold Cup in 1947, and he knows the rider's view of the course for he has "been round" many times, and was once placed in the National Hunt Chase. Lord Grimthorpe is an example of just how tough and virile the long, lean type can remain in spite of advancing years, for, though sixty-four in May, he can still ride a "skeleton" down the Cresta Run (where he won the Curzon Cup in 1922) faster than most, and a thoroughbred hunter to hounds in a way to make the young bloods think. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he served overseas in both wars, and was mentioned in despatches. For many years he was Master of the Middleton, and at present trains a few steeplechasers, one of which, Flagrant Mac, won the Scottish Grand National in 1952



## SISTERS FROM NEW ENGLAND

MISS MARY and Miss Grace Coolidge are two American sisters who divide their time between London and Paris. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Coolidge of Boston and New Jersey and are related to the late President Calvin Coolidge and to Louisa M. Alcott, author of the famous *Little Women*. Miss Mary Coolidge has been studying at Oxford and her sister is a gifted painter



F. J. Goodman

### Priscilla in Paris

## President's night off

MINISTRIES come and ministries go, misgoverning this beautiful country during their brief stay, but President René Coty has to last out seven years! Very wisely, therefore, he took an evening off in the middle of the recent political crisis and went to the theatre.

When I write the "recent" crisis perhaps I am rather rashly optimistic. By the time this is read it may be more applicable to the situation if I say the "present" crisis, and kindly Madame Coty may still be sending out hot drinks to the press photographers on night duty in the *cour d'honneur* at the Elysée. "Court of Honour" sounds grand, but by any name a courtyard is cold when the glass drops below "Tempest."

President and Madame René Coty's outing was to the Comédie Française on the occasion of the gala première of a revival of Paul Claudel's *L'Annonce Faite à Marie* that was played for the first time in December, 1912.

THE house was packed with notabilities. Most of the political boys were absent, being busy elsewhere playing skittles with various party leaders, but the arts and Academies were out in force. The Immortals were well represented: Henri Mondor, Fernand Gregh, Emile Henriot, André Maurois, Marshal Juin (doubling for the army as well as the Académie), Jules Romains, Maurice Genevoix, Georges Duhamel and Pasteur Valéry-Radot, all white-tied or black-tied, shirt fronts and bald heads gleaming.

Dramatists are usually found lurking at the back of a stage box (or the back row of the gallery) during the first night of their plays, or hidden away at the cinema...

This is not M. Paul Claudel's way. In the middle of the front row of the stalls, the grand, eighty-four year old ex-ambassador and all-time poet-dramatist was enthroned. He appeared to be enjoying himself immensely.

When Marcel Idzowski asked him if he was pleased with his entourage he grinned like a schoolboy: "They're all gnashing their teeth at me," he chuckled, but then he looked round and amended, "or would if they still had any!"

DURING an interval champagne and *petit fours* were served in a small, private salon. There the Grand Old Man, seated in the midst of the players, held court, and there again Madame Coty showed how gracious she can be. As warmly felicitous with her praise as with her above-mentioned, comfortably scalding drinks. I cannot help wishing, however, that the First Lady of the Land could have had a less austere entertainment for her evening off than M. Claudel's great medieval *mystère*.

(Since the above was written, we have heard with sorrow of the sudden death of M. Claudel. We who saw him at the première little realized it was his final curtain, but in the midst of sadness we are glad we saw him, full of years and honours, enjoying one of his most celebrated plays acted by our foremost company.)

TWO more London successes have delighted Paris this week. Noël Coward's amusing *Quadrille*—now entitled *Quatuor*—at the tiny Capucines Theatre and John Patrick's enchanting *Tea House Of The August Moon* at the Montparnasse. Two most enjoyable evenings for playgoers, but the local playwrights are

not so happy. "What about all our pretty chickens . . . without a coop?" they are murmuring sadly.

It is as well for the Thespian honour of France that the Variétés has produced a diverting—but, alas, posthumous—comedy by the late Louis Verneuil who as an author was of the French most Frenchy! Serge Veber has cast his critical eye over the script, adding even more Gallic gaiety than provided by Verneuil, and Fernand Gravey plays all three rôles of *Les Trois Messieurs de Bois-Guillaume* with the perfect art that has made him one of the finest actors on the French stage.

IN order, the three *messieurs* are: the grandfather in the first act, the father in the second act and the son in the third. There is, of course, a young and very lovely (since she is Françoise Christophe) Mme. de Bois-Guillaume who is planning to leave home. Life is not very amusing in a country house near a provincial town with in-laws whose conversation runs solely on commerce and finance, with a husband who is so often away on business and the greatest dissipation takes the form of a visit to the cinema on Saturdays!

How the three different Fernand Graveys circumvent her plans makes a gay story and at moments a moving one when, in the last act, as the husband, and looking his own agreeable self, Gravey indulges in some very pretty love-making. Madame leaves home after all but with her husband! Henceforth life, for them, will be a flat in Paris (on the Left Bank) and business jaunts taken together. A delightful comedy and Fernand Gravey rings the bell.

I would like to apologize for the *lapsus calami* that made me write recently of Leslie Henson, instead of the late Leslie Howard, as Wendy Hiller's partner in the film *Pygmalion*.

### Le font qui manque le moins . . .

● "Work does not prevent one from growing old but it prevents one from feeling old!" says Franc-Nohain.

(P.S. A certain amount anyway! says Priscilla.)





Barry Swaab

*Personifying spring  
in a dress of lilac*

**MISS FRANCES SWEENEY**

ONE of the most attractive of the 1955 *débutantes* will be Miss Frances Sweeney. She is the daughter of Mr. Charles Sweeney and the Duchess of Argyll, who as Miss Margaret Whigham was one of the most beautiful *débutantes* of the 1950s. Educated in London, and then in Florence and Paris, Miss Sweeney speaks French fluently, is keen on riding and plays a good game of tennis. She is to have a ball given for her at Claridge's in June





Sir Geoffrey Cory Wright, Bt.

*At her beautiful  
home in Hampshire*

**MISS JANE SHEFFIELD**

**M**ISS JANE SHEFFIELD, who is coming out this year, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffield, a granddaughter of the late Sir Berkeley Sheffield, Bt., and of Sir Lionel Faudel-Phillips, Bt. Her parents' home, Laverstoke Park, near Whitchurch, in Hampshire, at which this photograph was taken, is one of the most beautiful country houses in England, and is full of rare artistic treasures. It will make a magnificent setting for the ball which she is sharing in June with Miss Caroline Comer-Wilson.





## DINING IN

### Scallop in shell

—Helen Burke

SCALLOPS, those beautifully coloured shell-fish, are a constant wonderment to me, whenever I see them at the fishmongers'. They remind me of exotic fish from tropic seas. At present they are plentiful, and are far below the cost that their appearance would suggest.

Escoffier, in his *Guide to Modern Cookery*, does not give a recipe for them, but Madame Prunier, that wise little woman who has done more than any other single person to make us, in this country, aware of our excellent and less expensive fish, gives sixteen presentations in her book—but not one with the border of mashed potatoes, which she abhors.

In the cooking of scallops, the cardinal rule is never to over-cook. They should poach but never boil and, when they are opaque, they are ready to be served in various ways. When they are fried or cooked on a skewer, they are not poached, of course, but most ways of dealing with them begin with poaching.

Generally, they are served in their shells, but shallow entrée dishes can quite well take the place of these.

FOR *Coquilles Saint-Jacques au Gratin*, gently simmer a chopped, small shallot in a walnut of butter until clear. For eight scallops (and two per person are about right), allow a quarter pint of dry, white wine, half that amount of water, and two to three thinly sliced, small mushrooms. Simmer together for a few minutes, then add the scallops, cut in suitable pieces. Cover and poach until they are opaque.

Meanwhile, for four servings, melt an ounce of butter and slowly cook a tablespoon of flour in it for a few minutes. Remove and stir in the strained scallop stock. Return to the heat and simmer until the flour is cooked. Season to taste.

Have ready buttered the deep scallop shells. Spoon a little of the sauce into them. Divide the scallops between them, cover with more sauce, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and brown a little under the grill.



Mr. G. P. Jooste, S.A. High Commissioner (left) with Sir Noël Bowater, Master of the Vintners' Company, and Mr. W. H. Lloyd Mead, at a reception given to celebrate the Tercentenary of the South African wine industry

If you want that border of Duchesse potatoes, first pipe one round the shells. Brush with beaten egg yolk and it will quickly brown under the grill.

*Coquilles Saint-Jacques Mornay* are made in the same way, omitting the mushrooms and turning the sauce into Sauce Mornay by the addition of a mixture of grated Parmesan and Gruyère cheese, a little cream and, finally, the yolk of an egg. Fill the shells as before, sprinkle a little more cheese on top and colour a little under the grill.

DELICIOUS, too, are scallops cooked Newburg style. Turn six to eight of them (cut into four pieces each) over and over in a little melted butter. Add enough sherry almost to cover them, and finish cooking. Stir a dessert-spoon of flour into a walnut of butter and cook for a minute over a low heat. Add the stock from the scallops and simmer together, then add almost as much cream and cook gently until the sauce thickens a little. Add the scallops and seasoning to taste and they are ready to be served.

For fried scallops, cut the white parts into rounds, but leave the red parts whole. Pass through seasoned flour, beaten egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in a little butter. Sauce Tartare or tomato sauce goes very well with fried scallops.

## DINING OUT

### Wedding feast

—I. Bickerstaff

THE Tastings are upon us. Two famous West of England wine merchants have recently decided to "split the bottle" between them and after more than a hundred years of rivalry have joined forces under the title of John Dobell and Bartholomew Limited.

To celebrate this event they held a very considerable Tasting in their newly-restored cellars in Cheltenham High Street, giving two sessions per day for three days, with André Simon travelling down from London to open the proceedings.

The Tasting covered sherry, claret, Burgundy and port, also the white wines of Burgundy, Rhine, Moselle and Bordeaux. For good measure they had wines for comparison from Chile, Portugal, Greece and Switzerland. The emphasis at each session was on table wines, of which there was a very large selection divided up over the various tables into price groups, and with this extensive range of wines they showed no fewer than thirty-five different varieties of cheese.

IN London the Cheese Bureau did it in reverse and gave a Cheese Tasting at the Savoy Hotel, where there was a wide range of some of the finest cheese in England, such as Wensleydale, Stilton, Cheddar, Cheshire, Leigh, Leicester, Dunlop, and so on, and many Empire varieties as well.

There was a buffet on which stood a vast array of excellent dishes, the basic ingredient of each being cheese. They even had a *fondue* going, made of Cheddar cheese and cider, which was very good and appeared to have the advantage over the genuine Swiss article, which turns into a quagmire of indiarubber on your fork unless you eat it extremely hot, the Swiss variety being made with Gruyère cheese, white wine and Kirsch.

With the cheese they supplied a considerable variety of both red and white wines, so it seems that everybody is agreed, as they should be, that cheese and wine are excellent partners.

SPEAKING of partners or near relations, very few people can have such suitable relatives as the Comte Robert Jean de Vogüé, head of the firm of Moët and Chandon, with whom I was a fellow-guest at the Antelope during his recent visit to London. He told me they called themselves the Wine List family, and well they might, as they consist of the Marquis de Lur Saluces, head of Château d'Yquem; the Comte de Beaumont, Château Latour; the Comte Georges de Vogüé, Musigny; the Marquis de la Guiche, les Montrachets.

As an aperitif we had a bottle of Moët et Chandon and during lunch a 1904 Musigny and a 1945 Château d'Yquem, all very appropriate to the occasion.



M. André Simon, President of the Wine and Food Society, opened the proceedings at Cheltenham on the occasion of the amalgamation of John Dobell and Bartholomew. He is seen talking to Mr. F. X. Denny







*Left: Miss Susanah Bodley-Scott, who was the owner of a magnificent ostrich-feather fan, was escorted by Mr. Patrick Agar*



*Right: Miss P. Nichol and her partner, Mr. Roy Tiley, were two of the younger guests who were enjoying themselves*

## At The Races

### AMENDMENT AT BECHER'S

**A**FTER reading some of the newspapers on the subject of the very slight proposed adjustments to the Grand National course, we might have been led into the error of believing that the whole nature of this historic battleground was about to be altered so as to make it unrecognisable by even that well-known person "The Oldest Inhabitant." Nothing could be further from the truth!

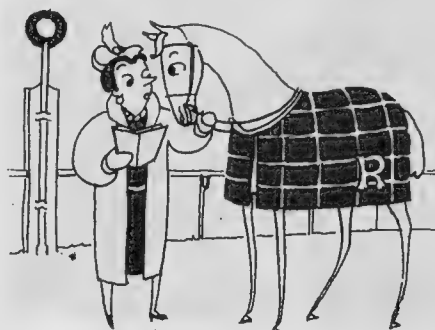
All that is being done is to make the "Brook" at Becher's less of a brook by making it a little bit shallower, and to cut a few inches off the height of the next one after it, which hitherto has been a plain 4 ft. 11 ins. fence without a ditch on either side, and a little more than 3 ft. thick.

These are hardly alterations at all, and it is open to question whether either of them were really necessary; because in the case of Becher's, any horse that jumps 4 ft. 10 ins. in height cannot fail to land well over 6 ft. beyond on the other side. Six feet being the enormous

width of that "Brook." Some horses have got cast in the brook because they have been stopped in mid-air by the sturdy fence, and then rolled off into the narrow little ditch.

**B**EGGING the humble pardon of an announcer, "several" horses have not been killed at Becher's! I cannot recall even one, and—big and forbidding as it is, I question whether it is the most formidable obstacle in the whole bill of fare. It is certainly the most advertised, because the intrepid Captain Becher took a dive into it in the first Grand National in 1839.

We are told that these alterations have been made in response to the popular clamour over the fact of four horses having been killed in last year's race. One of the four fell dead from heart failure before jumping a fence at all; another got loose after a fall, and came down over some obstacle not on the steeplechase course. As to the other two; read your Lindsay Gordon on "coddling"!



You can break your neck quite easily if you sneeze awkwardly—hence probably the origin of the kindly "God Bless You"—or you can do it in many other quite simple and silly ways, and nowadays it is not inevitably fatal, because the surgeons are so clever.

To revert: if they want to alter the Grand National course, why not have a crack at the Canal Turn, a right-angle? It used to be a lot worse before they converted the fence into an undecorated obstacle, for it was a quite hefty open ditch. The course, I am sure, would be improved by the complete elimination of this fence. It is very close to Valentine's Brook, and, for another thing, is often jumped skew-whiff in an attempt to soften the turn, so why not do away with it altogether?

**A**Ll the fences on this course are formidable, and there is little to pick between them. To the hardy artist riding over them I am sure that, like all other steeplechase fences, they look the same, and no one thinks anything about what is on one side or the other. For one thing, you are too busy, and for another, when the blood is up you do not really care; so what's the odds?

A hurling great steeplechase horse is not a pony and is not expected to be able to make a right-angle turn almost on his hocks, but this is what he is asked to do at the Canal and it must add a great deal to the general distress which the great steeplechase entails; anyway, as has already been said, I am sure that it would be better if there were no fence at all at this turn.

—SABRETACHE





*Left: Mr. C. Callcott Reilly, M.B.E., and Mrs. Reilly were relaxing between dances. The ball was held at the Hyde Park Hotel*



*Mrs. Chichester, Mr. Hammond Innes, the celebrated writer of adventure stories, Mrs. Hammond Innes, and Mr. Francis Chichester*



*Mr. and Mrs. David Culling, Mrs. Essaye, Mr. Iorys Hughes and Mr. John Essaye forgathered for a drink between dances*

## OCEAN RACERS ASHORE

THE Royal Ocean Racing Club's annual ball is always an occasion thoroughly enjoyed by members and their friends alike, and one at which can be seen gathered together the cream of Britain's most able and distinguished yachtsmen



*Left: Miss Elizabeth Anne Ellsworth Jones, who is a debutante this year, was being entertained by Mr. Peter Trumper*

*Right: Mrs. and Mr. John Bush, who is Vice-Commodore of the R.O.R.C., in conversation with Mrs. and Mr. Arthur C. Robb, M.B.E., the yacht designer*





## At the Theatre

# Dragon-Fly Musical

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

THE new musical at the Princes is quite the gayest thing we have had from America for a long while. You may find a touch of blatancy in the gaiety. The touch is there, and it only shows that Mr. Richard Bird and the English company under his direction have put across the authentic Broadway brightness and bounce, pep and zing, as to the manner born.

The bringing over of *Wonderful Town* to Shaftesbury Avenue involved some ticklish problems. Its original success was largely made by the tremendously vital Miss Rosalind Russell. Without that radiant presence at the centre of things, might not the flying sketches of New York's raucous Bohemian life lose stage coherence and impetus? The solution of this particular problem was the engagement of Miss Pat Kirkwood.

WHAT the personality of this energetic and likeable player lacks in dynamism is more than made up for in our eyes by a deft and assured professionalism. She has the air of being equal to anything, and usually she is. She carries Miss Russell's part along with a gay aplomb which begs all questions of comparison.

Another problem arose from the nature of the story. It is the story of *My*

*Sister Eileen*, a straight comedy which had a highly successful run here some twelve years ago, and it presents two penniless girls from Ohio seeking their fortune in New York. One wants to act, one to write; one is a helpless blonde for whom all men fall at sight, the other is a brunette whose good sense and gallant fighting spirit men are slower to appreciate.

It is a story of incidents, one leading to another, and the incidents rarely work out into the big situations, without which we are apt, in the light musical theatre, to feel that we are getting nowhere.

The authors of the book, Mr. Joseph Fields and Mr. Jerome Chodorov, have been alive to the danger and they have produced some good forthright dialogue which helps to give the scattered incidents importance.

MR. LEONARD BERNSTEIN, turning from serious composition to the frankly light-hearted, has written some brash and sentimental music which delightfully mocks its own brashness and sentimentality. And on this side Mr. Bird has met the inherent slowness of the story by stirring his company into a state of high effervescence, and keeping them effervescent from first to last.

The whole effect is pleasingly light and gay. Two things detract slightly from this effect, rather dull scenery, and a gratifyingly large orchestra which plays so loudly that in the first half-a-dozen rows of the stalls it is practically impossible to hear Mr. Bernstein's music. Miss Kirkwood is partnered by Miss Shani Wallis, of *Call Me Madam* fame. She would need all the physical attractions of Cleopatra to make good the point that she is a magnet inevitably drawing the attention of men from Miss Kirkwood's overwhelming vitality, but she manages the pretence very agreeably, sweetly fluffy and appealingly helpless.

These two carry the show, with some modest singing by Mr. Dennis Bowen as the well-groomed magazine editor with whom both sisters are in love. The rest of the company are not much more than figures in a frieze of Greenwich Village humours. Mr. Christopher Taylor makes an animated



"WRECK" (Sidney James) belies his name, especially when limbering-up for the big event, wearing his favourite helmet

figure of the nervous, hair-combing soda-jerk, and Mr. Sidney James is exuberantly genial as a professional footballer resting in the summer on his seemingly exiguous winter earnings.

GRAMOPHONE records have made the songs fairly well known. They are sung with admirable freshness by Miss Kirkwood and Miss Wallis. Miss Kirkwood's best is, of course, "One Hundred Easy Ways to Lose a Man," and Miss Wallis's best is, of course, something about love. Mr. Bowen makes a very pleasant thing of "A Quiet Girl."

And there is this to be said for the piece, that it gets better and better as the evening goes on, and is at its very best in the final chorus which gathers up all the scattered incidents of the story and concentrates them excitingly, swingingly and rhythmically into a situation.



GREENWICH VILLAGE TYPES Robert Raker (Dennis Bowen; left) and Appopoulous (David Hurst) listen with appreciation to a sisterly wrangle between Ruth and Eileen (Pat Kirkwood and Shani Wallis), conducted, as it is, so melodiously. This story of the humours and heartbreaks which was so effective as a play, has suffered surprisingly little by its change into a musical





Angus McBean

CLAIRE BLOOM is now making two films which are being awaited with high expectation : Sir Laurence Olivier's *Richard III.*, in which she plays the pathetic young Queen Anne, and *Alexander the Great* with Richard Burton. Claire Bloom made a success overnight in the delicate fantasy, *Ring Round the Moon*. This was followed by an *Ophelia* at Stratford and a *Juliet* at the Old Vic, both intensely moving performances. To all her parts, on the stage, and in films such as *Limelight*, she has brought a quality of freshness and sense of pathos peculiarly her own

## London Limelight

### A local joke makes good

THE local joke is always a popular item, the scope of its certain success depending solely on the number of those in the know. Fleet Street being a reasonably large village, the new pocket revue-comedy-musical at the Watergate should enjoy quite a vogue. "Love is News" is described as being "adapted" from Louis Ducreux's "*L'amour en papier*," but by the time Diana Morgan and Robert MacDermott have finished with it, I doubt if father could really recognise offspring.

The theme is the pursuit by a racing cyclist, a popular sports page character, of a society wench whose name makes news on Page One. As with Peter Ustinov, the chase goes in all directions, through every ballyhoo feature of the popular Press. Everyone concerned gets a thrust from the authors,

sometimes a direct hit, as often as not a near miss, an occasional jab below the belt, and once or twice there is a lunge into empty air.

The gem of the evening is a lampoon of *Under Milk Wood*, with Harry the Flash conducting "Messiah," which is hysterically fair comment, and at one point the Fakir of Openapore, the presiding genius, threatens to amalgamate The TATLER and *Tribune*.

THE prospect of Jenny Lee collaborating with Jennifer (perhaps in a "Whining and Dining" column?) is one of the many medium-to-good jokes. It is a magpie of a show from the ornithological viewpoint as well as the marksman's, but at least it provides half-a-dozen laughs, which is as

much as most of us can hope for in one evening.

Gerald Cross, Graham Payn and Patricia Cree do their party pieces very nicely.

How unexpected it was to discover that Ethel Levey, the subalterns' delight of World War I., was, in fact, a link with Mafeking Night, the occasion, in fact, of her first London appearance. To a small boy in 1912 she seemed the quintessence of smartness.

Was she not, indeed, starring in *Hullo Ragtime*, so modern a show that it was rather daring to mention its name? Was she not about to marry the superman of the age, who could be seen flying at Hendon in a wonderful blue-bodied biplane called "Wake up England"? Was she not driven around the countryside in the highest, widest and most handsome automobile imaginable?

A RARE magic dwelt about her name, and her genuine accomplishment as first lady of the ragtime age will last at least as long as her devotees remain garrulous. She was seventy-four in the records, but for most of us she will stay a brilliant, sophisticated, glittering thirty, as excitingly adult as one's first dinner-jacket.

—Youngman Carter



Patricia Cree, Gerald Cross and Graham Payn  
in the new Watergate revue



## At the Pictures

Graham Greene sets  
a problem

LADY PEAKE, wife of the Ambassador to Greece, Dirk Bogarde and Ralph Thomas, director of *Doctor at Sea*, at the party given by the film unit while on location in the Piræus

## Television

## GUNPOWDER KEG

— Freda Bruce Lockhart

POLITICS on TV are considered so dangerous, so explosive and so powerful, that they are kept almost on the secret list. Curiously, the programmes which dare tackle the subject are often the most stimulating.

Both parties this week present party political broadcasts. So far the Conservatives have led in the initiative and boldness of their TV enterprise. Neither viewers nor Post Office personnel will easily forget their inspired invitation to viewers to telephone questions on the spot.

MONDAY opens another high-powered political series with Christopher Mayhew's programmes on "Co-Existence." The word tolls as ominously in my ear as "collaborationist" once rang. But Mr. Mayhew's previous commentaries on foreign affairs, race relations and "Men Seeking God" were among the most successful and lively adult ventures of TV. He now proposes to analyse prospects of peaceful co-habitation between the Communist and the free halves of the world. TV proudly calls Harry Englander the first Western cameraman to be allowed to operate on Viet-Minh territory, where he went to gather material for the Mayhew series. Plans, I gather, do not include analysis of existing co-existence in Europe.

THE "Stage by Stage" series has lost some point by ceasing to travel from theatre to theatre. But on Friday Peter Brook, Harcourt Williams and Alan Dent will discuss changing fashions in Shakespearean production as an introduction to Sunday's performance of *The Merchant of Venice*. Michael Hordern, still wearing laurels from his fine performance opposite

Irene Worth's lovely *Candida*, is an inviting Shylock.

Two welcome personalities are Joyce Grenfell, making one of her too-rare TV appearances in "Face the Music," on Wednesday; and Peter Scott, not so rare a figure, on Saturday.



IT is not my job to assess Graham Greene's literary talent or his theological soundness. The first is my colleague Elizabeth Bowen's province, and the second is already the acute concern of his ecclesiastical critics.

Let me stick to my last. Is *The End of the Affair*, based on Greene's novel of the same title, a good film? The answer is a cautious and qualified "Yes." Greene's religious ideas are not everyone's cup of tea, it is known. But as a film this is out of the rut and worth seeing.

The direction of Edward Dmytryk is restrained and masterly. The acting of Deborah Kerr, Van Johnson, Peter Cushing and John Mills is nearly all it should be.

THE subject is adult — illicit, but genuine, love between man and woman in conflict with religious doctrine and experience. The plot skilfully contrives an explosive collision between these two planes of values and subjects them to dramatic scrutiny in terms of men, women, God and Graham Greene. The dialogue is to the point.

What more do you want? One dimension is lacking. To be complete, a film must make use of the medium's visual possibilities. This one does not. Its

drama is more verbal than visual. It cannot shed its literary clothes. Its argumentation can be fully presented only on the wider screen of the novel.

Deborah Kerr is outstanding. She has the central part, the Civil Servant's wife who first succumbs to and then resists, under the compulsion of religious experience, an extra-marital passion. Each phase of the poor woman's love, fear, indecision, suffering and final agony is sensitively interpreted by Miss Kerr with a minimum of fuss.

VAN JOHNSON is the lover whose love sours into jealousy, bitterness and hatred before final purification. His boyish, open-air manner is not quite suited to the part of the introspective novelist. But he is a surprisingly good actor and carries it off.

Peter Cushing gives a finely-studied portrait of the conventional, decent husband. There is an accomplished performance from versatile John Mills as a wistful Cockney detective. Stephen Murray, Nora Swinburne and Charles Goldner do their small bits well.

I salute the courage of Columbia Pictures in making this picture. Subject and script demand more cerebral work than we have been trained to do in the cinema. Good luck to them.



GILBERT ROLAND AND ANDY SHINE in a scene from *That Lady*, the 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope production of the book by Kate O'Brien, which opens at the Carlton, Haymarket, to-morrow





A TORTURED TRIO. The repressed husband (Peter Cushing), the wife (Deborah Kerr), who is torn between compassion and love, and the lover (Van Johnson), at war with his conscience, in *The End of the Affair*

No such intellectual exercise is set by Jane Russell's new film, *Underwater*. But it is much better than you might fear.

Miss Russell's defiance of the A-line is taken to submarine depths, where there is little to conceal her unalphabetic figure but goggles and flippers. This is no doubt the point of the picture. But there is quite a lot besides.

THERE is a simple but entertaining story about sunken treasure. Gilbert Roland and Richard Egan, keen aqua-lung divers, stumble on traces of a wrecked Spanish galleon. Girls, as you know, are necessary in treasure hunts, so Lori Nelson joins in with her yacht and a domesticated Jane Russell comes aboard as Egan's wife. To emphasise the respectability of the whole affair, the Hollywood convention of having a priest around is observed, and so Father Robert Keith is shipped as the brains of the expedition. But relax. His concern is archaeology, not theology, and his presence has little effect on Miss Russell's wardrobe.

THIRTY PER CENT. of the action is now submerged in a tropical submarine world where all is rich and strange. You can have too much of this underwater photography, but it is fascinating.

We drift dreamlike among water forests,

caverns and wrecks, another world inhabited by exotic fish, sharks and, of course, Messrs. Roland and Egan and Miss Russell. The synopsis informs me, by the way, that Miss Russell learnt her diving technique in her own swimming-pool.

There are the thrills you expect. Miss Russell is 'trapped in the wreck.' Sharks abound. And an enterprising shark-fisherman (Joseph Calleia) tries to do them out of the loot. It is all quite well done.

WENDY TOYE, heartless woman, directs *Raising a Riot* and squeezes the maximum of fun from that tragic figure, all too common in our modern civilisation, the helpless male left in sole charge of the house and family.

Kenneth More, well cast as the forsaken father, has to cope with four children, a testy grandfather, and the domestic duties of a ramshackle old house. Women will enjoy this prolonged demonstration of male incompetence. Nothing is left to the imagination. All the instruments of torture are applied—the kitchen sink, the oven, the laundry-line, the ironing-board, the nursery.

It is a happy, inconsequential, domestic farce which Kenneth More's talent for light comedy somehow holds together.

—Dennis W. Clarke



JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE, who is acting in *Doctor at Sea*, talking to Sir Charles Peake, who had watched some of the scenes of the film being shot in the neighbourhood of Athens

## The gramophone

### DOLORES AND RAY

—Robert Tredinnick

"THERE'S No Business Like Show Business!" Always accepting that it is a business, that is true! It's crazy, it's heart-breaking, it's exciting; but in that, show business doesn't differ much from any other kind of business, except that it concerns so very vitally the destiny of individual human beings.

And that is important, because no single person should be subjected to the treatment received by a pair of mass-produced stockings or a pound of that all-provocative commodity, tea.

So that when a million-dollar (or, maybe, more) colour CinemaScope super-super movie, title as above, offers the masses entertainment, some of which, in turn, is available on records, a bit of surplus valuation creeps into the picture, because a gramophone record is positively minus colour and wide-screen effects.

IT is heartening, therefore, to listen to that brilliant artist Dolores Gray singing two of the numbers included in this entertainment—both, I would add, featured in the film by that glamour-puss, Miss Marilyn Monroe. And while there is very little similarity between these two personable young women, I think Dolores Gray offers a more genuinely intelligent performance of both "Heat Wave" and "After You Get What You Want, You Don't Want It," and that is saying plenty, for Marilyn Monroe positively sizzles her way through both numbers on the screen. (Brunswick 05382.)

Unlike Miss Gray, Johnnie Ray appears and sings in this film as well as on records, and even though he is given some impossible material with which to cope, he is such a magnificent artist that he emerges from all the gambits involved utterly unscathed. He sings "If You Believe" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" with such sincerity and taste that, like me, you positively must believe in Johnnie Ray! He may not be everyone's dish, but any discerning person must admit that he has something unique to offer. (Philips P.B. 379.)



ROBERT HARRIS AND OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND in the scene where the Cardinal tells Ana de Mendoza that she is to be charged with murder. The story is laid in sixteenth-century Spain



## SPRING CAME TO ROME FOR HAMBLEMEN WEDDING

WHEN Viscount Hambleton married his charming Italian bride, Donna Maria Carmela Attolico di Adelfia, in Rome, the city took them to its heart, and made the beautiful mild spring day one of high rejoicing. Jennifer describes the happy occasion on pages 441-3



Two Roman debutantes, Signorina Miryam Nasalli Rocca and Signorina Claudia Matarazzo, made a delightful picture standing beside one of the many huge vases of flowers



Lord Herbert, Patricia Viscountess Hambleton, mother of the bridegroom, H.R.H. Princess Torlonia of Spain, and Lady Herbert



In the garden of the bride's home, in the morning, the bride and groom were seen joining in a lively conversation with Mother-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Brand, sister of the bridegroom



On the terrace, enjoying the cool Italian evening, were Mr. Archibald Ross, the British Minister in Rome, Mme. Matsas, Mrs. Ross and M. Matsas, from Greece



Right: Among many of Viscount Hambleton's relatives at the wedding were the Hon. Edith Smith and the Hon. David Smith





The bride's mother, Contessa Eleonora Attolico di Adelfia, paused for a moment to speak to one of her guests, Donna Silvie Lanti



...e, in the Via Porta Latina, Count Crespi was with Marchesa Silvie Serlupi, Contessa Crespi, sister of Viscount Hambleden, and Conte Senni



Bride and bridegroom shared the duty of distributing the cake, Viscountess Hambleden cutting it while her husband handed out the plates



Two British guests who flew out for the occasion were Lord and Lady Ogilvy, here talking to Contessa Marco Crespi



Left : Discussing the day's events were Signorina Aandie Marganella-D'Ambra, Signor P. Guerrini Maraldi and Signora Andrea Folchi-Vici



British residents in Rome present included Miss Diana Herbert, cousin of the bridegroom, Mr. John Woodhouse and Miss Laila Noble

Michael Dunne



D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By ...

At Dunvegan Castle, in Skye, the 700-year-old McLeod fortress, for the restoration of which a £20,000 appeal has just gone out to the clan, a sterling chap we know very nearly fell base-over-apex some time ago into the dungeon, which is (or was) open, and flush with a wide stone floor. He mistook that yawning oblong gulf, in the dim light, for a mat.

And he would have fallen pretty hard, we fear, whereas in the old days, a McLeod was telling us, he would have fallen soft, on a heap of angry Macdonalds; a not very interesting incident except to the McLeod household piper, who would compose a brisk new pibroch of satiric intent called *Falling on Macdonalds*. Meanwhile, away at Ulinish, in the Macdonald stronghold, somebody was probably falling, equally soft, into a deep dungeon full of furious McLeods. Only once, apparently, was the rhythm of life in Skye interrupted. A Macdonald chieftain actually married a McLeod heiress, and the two clans sat round numb and dazed, biting their nails, totally nonplussed. However, the Macdonald sent his bride packing before long and life resumed its even Highland tenor with long, bloody, enjoyable forays, cattle-raids, burnings, assassinations, and all the tralala.

We listened with interest as this McLeod, a typical cateran, chaunted his lawless tale, gripping his exquisitely-rolled umbrella, swinging his slim briefcase, and ever and anon pausing to readjust glittering pincenez or a natty bowler. The same old wild blood, we thought, down all the centuries—what can ever cool it? Nothing more swiftly, apparently, than a reminder of the clan subscription-list. Try that one on the old warblers, piper.

## Rap

FAR be it from us to carp or criticise, and even to twit or rally, but the hard boys are going to lose the Race's esteem, we think, if they intend henceforth to indulge themselves during their nightly safe-blowings with directors' cigars and champagne, as happened during a recent West End operation. "This is certainly not the New Elizabethan way," stated a leading property-transference executive last week.

A boyish prank, you probably say. High spirits, and all that. But in the underworld, our spies report, wise old men are shaking their

heads. Imitating company-directors purely for fun may be excused once in a while, they say, but where will it end? "The next thing," said a gloomy sage, "will be long speeches from those lads about Service, which will break their poor Mums' hearts." He quoted the wellknown declaration by Slogger H. L. Mencken, scourge of the U.S. booboisie, which the hard boys learn to lip nightly in infancy:

*When a gang of real-estate agents, bond salesmen, and automobile dealers gets together to sob for Service, it takes no Freud to surmise that somebody is about to be swindled.*

The dangers of the champagne-and-cigar lure will therefore be denounced publicly before long (our spies add) by the Grand Old Man of the safeblowing racket, R. Emerson ("Blowpipe") Lovejoy, who did his first stretch in 1885—but no doubt you heard him in "What's My Line?" not long ago.

## Puffer

A TRANSPORT COMMISSION boy having protested against the employment of actors and actresses "playing the parts of complaining passengers" in a lately-projected TV railway feature, the BBC denied that they had ever contemplated such a thing. In which case, in our unfortunate view, it was just as well the whole business was dropped.

What we were hoping for, broadly speaking, on Platform 1, was as follows. Following the heroine's opening speech on getting off the train (beginning "You cur, Eric St. Cyr Gashthorpe! You utter, despicable cur!" and ending, pro. tem., with a wild swooning cry of "Pam!—Little Pam! Have you no spark of human pity for our hapless, innocent child?") a Chorus of Porters would enter to comment and explain, in the style of *Murder in the Cathedral*.

CHORUS OF PORTERS: She is very upset.

This fiend has broken her heart.

GASHTHORPE (sneering): With the assistance of British Railways.

AN OLD ENGINE-DRIVER (weakly): Twentytwo minutes late from Purley.

Forgive me. Bad coal. Driver C. Cokehurst speaking.

CHORUS OF PORTERS: O treachery! O villain consummate! (Not you, Charley)—

This smoothtongued devil

Has flung her love away, to coin a phrase, like a wornout glove!



GASHTHORPE (snarling): She also complains of incivility from parcels office and refreshment-room personnel, Dirty upholstery, defective heating-arrangements, And the absence of soap and towel from third-class lavatory-basins. (Long silence.)

## Footnote

IT looks as if her ensuing death, on a dusty cushion, could be blamed on the railway boys. Eventually, as we see it, Gashthorpe takes the knock, thanks to the triumph of truth, justice, British fairplay, and, of course, more expensive lawyers. A real drama, superbly acted, if you don't mind acting. BBC, you're out.

## Doc

FROM the late Florentine celebrations of Fra Angelico's fifth centenary emerges a point which, we think, can never too often be impressed on the Art boys; namely that in accordance with his beautiful character, Angelico did not paint his frescos to show off or make money, but to make the monastery of San Marco more habitable for his brethren.

This is the last kind of impulse likely to move some of our smarty moderns, whose chief object is clearly to make home-life impossible for everybody. We know one wealthy collector who practically never goes home at all, owing to the masterpieces hanging on his walls. When forced to do so he spends most of the time huddled in a corner, trembling. Here, it has often occurred to us, we have the real explanation of the Salter Sensation of 1926, when Doc Salter, a Labour M.P., threw the citizenry into agonies of horror and fury by informing a teetotal assembly that he had seen MPs of all parties drunk in the House, "not once but on many occasions." After considerable hoocha the House passed a unanimous motion establishing its impregnable sobriety and the matter dropped; and our feeling is that the frescoes and statuary of the Central Lobby were solely to blame for any drawn faces, bloodshot eyes, and quivering hands Doc Salter thought he saw. Just a thought.

How different the impact of a Fra Angelico, all sweetness and light, *dolce color d'oriental zaffiro*, like a Tuscan summer dawn. You say this kind of unauthorised remark will get us "in Dutch" with the National Union of Art Critics. We spit on those rascals, pfui.

## BRIGGS



—by Graham





*Councillor Guy Edmiston, the Mayor of Chelsea, was in conversation with Lady Cynthia Colville and Mrs. Guy Edmiston*



*Mr. Basil Marsden Smedley, whose wife was the organiser of the ball, with Miss Madeleine Grand, who was in their party*

## FOR CHELSEA CLUBS

"THE OCTOBER BALL," which is an annual event held in aid of the Chelsea Central Clubs under the able chairmanship of Lady Cynthia Colville, was thoroughly enjoyed again this year by the guests who went to the Chelsea Town Hall



*Viscountess Chaplin, whose husband is the third viscount, was sitting out with Mrs. Forbes Adam and Mr. G. T. Roberts*



*Mr. Robin Scrimgeour, Mrs. Henderson, Mr. Ian Hunter, Mrs. Scrimgeour, Major Desmond Henderson and Mrs. Hunter*



*Mr. Nicholas Eden, who is the son of the Foreign Secretary, Sir Anthony Eden, was entertaining Miss Carolyn Mullens*

*Van Hallan*



NANCY PRICE, actress and writer, will be Question Master of her annual Brains Trust at the Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Square, on March 13. Her most recent book is *Pagan's Progress* (Museum Press; 7s. 6d.), dealing with our high days and holy days

Book  
Reviews  
by  
Elizabeth  
Bowen



## MISCHIEF IN CANADA

TO call Robertson Davies—author of *LEAVEN OF MALICE* (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.)—the Canadian Anthony Trollope might be too much. Not, that is, too much praise; but it might be considered a misnomer. Mr. Davies's novel has, all the same, a convincing, solid, satisfying build-up, reminiscent of the Victorian master's. His style is tauter than Trollope's, his pace less leisured. As a satirist he is at times more biting, though also, at others, no less kindly. Pre-eminently, he is a liker of the honest man.

He is adept at catching the particular flavour of a society, and at showing the wheels-within-wheels, the cliques and the rivalries which any society must enclose. Salterton, the middle-sized city he brings to life, becomes no less real to us than Barchester—and, I would venture to tell you, no less engaging. Salterton is "old" as Canada goes; and tradition gives it an air of still further age.

Mr. Davies, however, is no Victorian. He and his story are both contemporary. Not a drop of sentiment is there in his veins; neither is he subject to cautious prudery. He has a taste for the rakish, the gaunt, the bizarre—which stand out, in Salterton, all the more because of the ultra-respectability of the background. It takes the New World, clearly, to be old-world.

LOCAL notabilities, queer fish and rank-and-file (personified by the Morpheus) are lit by his flair for such types and their little ways. At the same time he is (as a novelist should be) implicated deeply with all his characters, and superior, practically, to none of them.

The slap-down to Snelgrove, the smug lawyer, and the unnerving of Norm, the bright young psychologist, he *does* enjoy—and the reader with him! But the unmasking of the miserable little Higgin is, when it comes to the point, a distressing hour.

What happens when a reputable newspaper carries the announcement of an engagement, when, in fact, no marriage has been arranged—nor, indeed, thought of? And when, still worse, the man and maiden named are, respectively, only son, only daughter of families between whom there is bad blood? And, still more, when the two young people are outstandingly non-attractive to one another?

Such an announcement, poison to those concerned and a sublime sensation for their neighbours, appears in Salterton's *Evening Bellman*. Forthwith, the fat is in the fire. Professor Vambrace, father of Pearl Veronica, comes storming into *The Bellman*, out for the editor's blood. Or, failing bloodshed, legal action. Mrs. Bridgetower, widow of another professor and mother of the enslaved Solly, is monumentally silent, biding her time.

Who put in the announcement? Does the offence connect with the Hallows E'en, decidedly pagan, orgy in the cathedral? The

mild Dean, badgered by Miss Puss Pottinger, has already had cause to remonstrate with his organist, that natural gypsy Humphrey Cobbler. How much greater, however, is the embarrassment of the editor, celibate Gloster Ridley—deplored, as the announcement is, by Salterton ladies.

One thought, however, and one thought alone, fills the two juniors' minds: *how* to keep this ghastly case out of court? Hackles up, the couple are doomed to meet amid the unspeakable jollities of the Yarrows' party.

*Leaven of Malice* is full of gatherings—around the tea-table, round the piano, in lawyers' chambers. . . . How the plot unravels itself, you will wait to know. These Salterton characters will remain with you: what a pack they are—yet, how human! This novel is great as comedy, in the sense of being other than purely comic.

★ ★ ★  
THE FIGURE IN THE MIST, by Elizabeth Coxhead (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is something more than a story of growing-pains. There are reasons other than adolescence why nineteen-year-old Agnes Flint finds her summer weeks with the Ogilvies, on the Isle of Arran, perplexing, challenging and disturbing. For she is of one kind, they of another. She is a London student on a vacation job—charge of the small boy Adam, cooking and housework. The Professor and his wife are (or should



"W.S.C., A CARTOON BIOGRAPHY" (Cassell; 16s.), is compiled by F. Urquhart and illustrates every historic moment up to date in a prodigious career. Examples (left), *Punch*, June 1917. "Any uniform suits me, thank you"; (right) *Sunday Express*, February 1954; Mr. Beverley Baxter on Coriolanus, "What a role for Churchill!"





be) the fine flowers of a cultured society.

Matthew Ogilvie, mathematician, famous and much adored, is, at any rate, Agnes decides, no pin-up—a small man with a big moustache and an impish humour. With his ennobling powers of mind goes, however, immense personal charm. But Mrs. Ogilvie is quite another matter—pretty, still young, self-pitying, a dramatist, a devouring emotional bore. And, ironically, it is Margaret Ogilvie who, from her upper-middle-class altitude, undertakes the “civilising” of Agnes.

So far, this is comedy of the kind which the late E. M. Delafield would have loved to handle. But to it is added the Arran beauty, the girl's lyrical happiness with the child Adam, and her growing feeling for the Professor. For here, good brain meets good brain in the comradely atmosphere of the holiday. For a fortnight Mrs. Ogilvie is away on the mainland, visiting her father: for the three left behind, free, on Arran, absolute harmony sets in. Too good to be true—yet it is true. Too good to last—and it does not.

As a character the girl, with her outward toughness, is drawn with humour, vision and understanding. Miss Coxhead brings a rare imaginative gift to her otherwise perfectly straight-forward, candid and admirable telling of a story. She makes one see Arran, ache for its daunting loveliness and, indeed, breathe its very air. *The Figure in the Mist* cannot fail, I think, to add to her reputation—already high.

★ ★ ★

**DETAILS OF JEREMY STRETTON** (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.) is a novel written with deeply serious, generous intention. Its author, Audrey Erskine Lindop, tackles a subject which a number of women are either indifferent to or embarrassed by: the predicament, that is to say, of a young man who discovers himself to be drawn to his own sex. The Foreword is by a Consultant in Psychiatry, who vouches for the truth of Miss Lindop's findings, and commends (indeed, very rightly) the unobjectionable manner of her approach.

From the point of view of fiction, Miss Lindop is writing under a handicap, for she has saddled herself with what is, virtually, a case history. Her subject requires austere treatment, and has received it—there can be no opening for humour, no scenes of merriment. Complex young Jeremy himself comes alive early on in the story, but some of the characters who surround him (all, inevitably, having to be shown as in some way contributory to his wrong development) seem to be types rather than persons.

**F**AR the most vivid and moving scenes are those at the preparatory school.

Here, a jealous wife, by whispering poison, drives her husband the headmaster to suicide—years after, Jeremy is to realise the significance of his hero's death. The boy steals away, and preserves, like a sacred relic, John Osbourne's camel-hair overcoat.

The woeful first years of the early marriage, by which Jeremy hopes to resolve his difficulties, are well drawn, too. Poor Pam, the village girl he has known since childhood, can offer him nothing but a perplexed fidelity. The crux of the story comes at the end, when Jeremy, after abasement and self-hatred, meets, by chance, the psychiatrist who can see him through. . . . Miss Lindop deserves that *Details of Jeremy Stretton* should be read in the spirit in which she wrote.



Baron

DAVID JAGGER, R.P., R.O.I., comes from horse-loving, North Country stock. He went to Sheffield Technical School of Art for seven years, and came to London in 1913 with £3 10s. in his pocket. In 1917 his first picture was shown at the Royal Academy, and he has since established a reputation as one of the most brilliant and sensitive portrait-painters of our day. At his home in Chelsea he says: “I find in rhythm the real secret of existence. A profound love of music dominates my life, and when painting a portrait when rhythm is required, I turn to Wagner or Strauss waltzes for inspiration.” But his greatest ambition, he admits with a smile, is still “to own a race-horse and ride the winner of the Grand National”



## Motoring

# The escort's car



THE TRIUMPH T.R.2 SPORTS CAR, which has made a great reputation for speed and road holding since its introduction last year. The Triumph Motor Company is a subsidiary of the Standard Company



THE M.G. MIDGET retains its sporting character and clean lines. It is powered with an engine unit basically similar to that used in the recent record-breaking attempts in the U.S.A.



THE MERCEDES-BENZ 300 SL is bred to racing and sporting traditions. It has breath-taking acceleration and a top speed in the vicinity of 160 m.p.h., combined with the comfort of a touring car

It is a great deal easier to say what a sports car isn't than to say what it is.

It is not a racing car; it is not a family car; it is not necessarily an open car, nor is it necessarily a closed car; it is not an uncomfortable car; it is not an untrustworthy car. It should not carry the pursuit of performance to the point where there is a reduction in the reliability of the engine or of any other components.

If you were to ask me to pin down the essential feature I would reply that the sports car does not provide quite so much space for the occupants relative to engine volume as the family car. Let us take it to extremes. The low-powered car with an immense body, capable of taking six people, is at one end of the scale, the high-powered car with a small body capable of taking two or three people (it might be called the ideal car for a debutante or her escort) is at the other end of the scale. But the sports car must carry all the ordinary equipment; all the lights, the traffic indicators, the instruments and the other accessories.

**A**TAUT, economical structure is the basis of the sports car we know to-day. This has been developed largely in consequence of the work of British manufacturers. The driver will never find himself sliding across a front seat which seems to extend from Land's End to John o' Groats. He will be confined to a relatively small space and he will be retained in that space no matter what the corners or other incidentals.

So I feel that it is passenger space against engine power that defines the sports car best. And there are many people—especially young people—who hate the thought of being accommodated in a "roomy" body. They do not want to be able to spread themselves or to have acres of space on each side. They want to be cooped into a small, firm seat. They want, in other words, a sports car.

It is because it is difficult to define the sports car that the commissions, councils, committees and panels of assessors who try to formulate competition rules so often find themselves in difficulties. Perhaps if they would look into the suggestion I have made—that it is a matter of passenger volume against engine volume—they might come to some generally acceptable and basically sound conclusion.

**M**AY I be allowed here to refer to a few sports cars now available on the British market. I know that those who have been in the motoring world for any length of time will wish that I should begin with the Frazer-Nash.

There are six or seven models altogether of this make and between them they offer an extremely wide variety of performance. Since the chain-gang days I doubt if any company has assembled a wider experience

of the practical, usable, standard sports car than Frazer-Nash. The models range from the two Targa Florio types, one the touring model, the other the *Gran Sport*, to the Sebring and competition models.

In the Jaguar range I think we may accept it that all the cars except the saloon come into the category of sports cars; from the Model D to the coupé. There are 3½-litre cars at the time of writing, but I am not prepared to be drawn on the subject of whether they will continue indefinitely to be 3½-litre cars.

**C**OMING into the price range below £2000 there is the really remarkable Triumph T.R.2 (which is under £900) and, at a little over £1000, the Austin-Healey and the Swallow Dorette. Inclusive of purchase tax, the Dorette two-seater costs £1101 17s. 6d. This car has a tubular chassis and the styling gives a pleasing exterior line.

When we step up to the higher prices we find a host of British sports cars of supreme merit; machines, many of which have proved their worth repeatedly in international competition yet which are sound propositions for ordinary touring and indeed for ordinary runabout motoring.

The Jaguar D-type two-seater, already mentioned, costs less than £2700, and then there is the Bristol 404 fixed-head coupé which is just over £3300. All these prices, I must repeat, are inclusive of purchase tax.

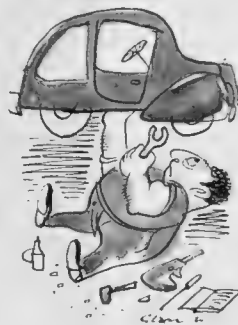
The Daimler Sportsman saloon costs a little over £3100. The Aston Martin sports saloon is £2728. The competition two-seater is a good deal more than this but still under £4000. When we come into the highest prices,

we find that the Bentley sports saloon is a little less than £4400, while the fabulous Continental sports saloon costs a different amount according to the type of body that is ordered, up to something approaching £7000.

**W**E have to notice, even in this brief and necessarily superficial survey, that the British manufacturer offers to the public an extremely wide range of sports cars, all of proved performance. They are available for prices which go down at the low end of the scale to a good deal less than £1000. It is this field of sports cars that has given the British manufacturer his biggest chance. He has taken that chance.

While I am on this subject I should add that there is general rejoicing that Pat Moss will be in the Royal Automobile Club's rally which—unless my calendar is as badly out as it sometimes has been in the past—will be in progress when these notes appear. She will be driving a two-seat T.F.-type M.G. sports car. This rally is the fifth of the series and the starting-points were arranged to be Hastings and Blackpool. The rally ends at Hastings.

—**Oliver Stewart**





## YACHTSMEN'S PARLIAMENT GAVE THEIR FIRST PARTY

THE Royal Yachting Association, the national authority of the sport, held the first social function in their history when a cocktail party was given in the beautiful clubhouse of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, Knightsbridge



Sir Michael Newton, Bt., whose country home is near Battle, Sussex, and Miss Elizabeth Parsons admiring a piece of culinary artwork representing the R.O.R.C. device, a seahorse surmounted by a crown



Mr. and Mrs. Tom Worth, who have recently returned from a round-the-world cruise in their own yacht



Mrs. E. G. Dutfield and her son, Cadet Michael Dutfield, were among the guests on this happy occasion



Mrs. H. F. Gillham and Mrs. Michael Wilkins. A company of more than 350 were present at the party



Left: Mr. C. Grasemann, member of the General Purposes Committee, greeting the Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitken



Miss Diana Armitage at the party. It is hoped that the occasion will become an annual event in the future



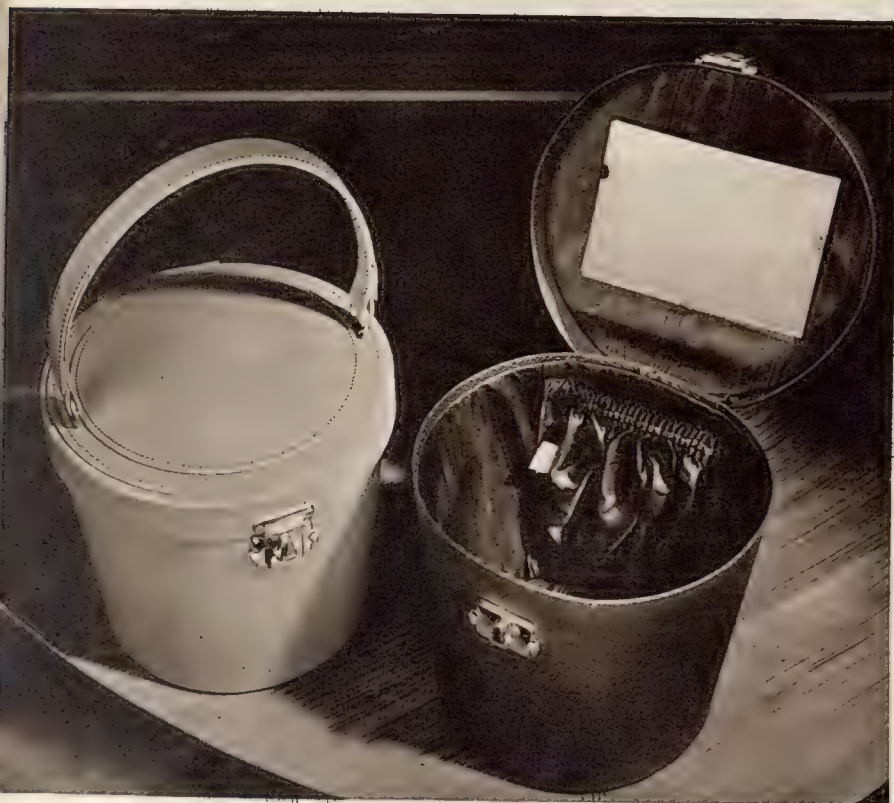
## Luggage which boasts a handbag ancestry

THIS decorative and useful hand luggage makes travelling or shopping simpler: it is ideal for packing those last-minute necessities in

—JEAN CLELAND



A distinguished-looking travel bag in cream Luxan hide with zip fastening, fitted with centre sponge pocket. Price: £12/18/6 from Debenham & Freebody



Noton's bucket-shaped case lined with rayon moire, fitted with mirror in lid, and available in a variety of colours. The price is 50/- from most leading stores



The bucket-bag with a difference, in oatmeal and brown basket weave material, trimmed with tan leather. Note the clipped handle. Price 45/- Debenham and Freebody





Dennis Smith

## KEY INTERVIEW WITH A MIRROR

ON the next half-hour much depends for the young hostess giving her first party, but her boudoir appointments make for serene self-confidence. The satin-hung dressing-table (£89 10s.), the Chippendale style mirror (£14 10s.), the candlesticks (£1 7s. 9d. each) and the pair of green-striped moiré curtains (unlined £7 12s. 6d., lined £9 10s. 6d.) are from Harrods. The flower-filled "wheelbarrow" is £1 5s. from Selfridges. The scent spray is £2 5s., silver and enamel deposit brush and handglass set £22 10s., large puff £1 17s. 6d. and powder bowl £4 9s. 6d. They are from Marshall & Snelgrove, as is the cherry negligé in nylon Milanese (£13, whose matching pleated nightgown is £11). The French gold beaded bag (£21 19s. 6d.) and the sixty-inch rope of pearls with diamanté rondels (6½ guineas) are from Debenham and Freebody





*Peter Clark*

## VIVE LE SPORT!

SO much of the best of English country life and sport, shooting and racing, etc.—the list is long—appears to take place under conditions that are frankly Arctic! It seems to us, then, that absolutely the first need of any young girl with social ambitions and a gregarious nature is an enormously warm overcoat, so we are showing here Wetherall's llama-lamb reversible beauty that weds good looks to incredible warmth



## REVERSIBLE WARMTH FOR MAD MARCH WEATHER

COMPLETELY reversible—here is the coat shown llama-side out. To make a four ways change—on the doeskin side it can be worn belted or with a half belt. This woollen material makes a spectacular race coat. Pockets on this side are inset without flaps. Price is 45 gns. The suit beneath is in cream coloured doeskin, hand stitched, strictly tailored, with a detachable collar. The brown buttons match the brown coat. It costs about 30 gns. and also comes from Wetherall



A CHOICE  
FOR THE WEEK  
by Mariel Deans





The Hon. Mary Stopford, who is attending classes at a secretarial college in London, chose this thick knitted black and white Swiss sweater from Simpsons. She wears it with their black cord Daks and finds the whole outfit combines marvellous warmth and comfort with a great deal of casual chic

## What they picked for themselves

### *Five ex-débutantes wearing the clothes of their choice*

FOR this Early Spring number of The TATLER, we felt it might be both interesting and instructive to discover the débutante point of view when choosing clothes. We therefore invited five ex-debs to come and pick out exactly the sort of things that they themselves would like to wear, to be photographed in these garments and to tell us why they were nice. Here then are the girls, wrenched from their secretarial courses, their dress designing, cooking and modelling occupations, wearing the clothes they have chosen. Good, clean lines and plenty of comfort seem to have been the watchword—not to mention "Vive la Suisse." We may be biased, but we think they look charming and we hope that our readers will think so, too

—MARIEL DEANS







Miss Mary Terry, daughter of Mrs. James Terry, who is working as a secretary to the Architectural Press, chose this lovely two-piece suit from Debenham and Freebody. Its heavy French double woven cotton material gives a quilted effect. Miss Terry found the sleeveless, rather low cut bodice of the dress, which is trimmed with djamanté buttons, particularly flattering to her lovely neck and shoulders. She chose the huge pale felt hat from the Model Millinery department because it had the drooping lines she always likes and because it gave a better balance to the full-skirted coat

Miss Joanna Norton-Griffiths, daughter of the late Captain Michael Norton-Griffiths, and Mrs. Ralph Hubbard, is busy all day long at a London secretarial college. She chose at Harrods this two-piece suit made in a glowing pinky-orange Swiss jersey because she liked the colour and felt it was a young-looking suit. The small hat is made of white straw







## *Nylon becomes a new designer*

Miss Sarah Rose, who is studying dress design, found this charming flower-sprayed patterned nylon evening dress in Marshall and Snelgrove's model gown department. She chose it for its very pretty shoulder line, and the horizontally tucked bodice with its long swathed look and for the full, graceful skirts which she felt would make a good photograph



# *For a day of early sunshine*

*Mayfair model  
selects a suit*

Miss Gillian Ireland-Smith, who is the daughter of Mrs. Norman Ireland-Smith and one of Victor Stiebel's most successful mannequins, has chosen a Christian Dior C.D. model from Fortnum and Mason. Made of a Swiss cotton mixture material with a high square neck and double-breasted fastening, she wears it with a pretty little hat beautifully worked in fine pedal straw. Miss Ireland-Smith says that she chose this suit because she liked its sophisticated lines, and felt that it made a useful London outfit







A THREE-PIECE play suit is shown here worn by Signorina Stefania di Sciarra. It consists of a long blue beach coat with three-quarter-sleeves, lined throughout in white cotton coin-dotted with red, worn over matching, beautifully tailored, brief blue shorts and a sleeveless blouse in the same red spotted material





"Hong-Kong" is the name given to this cocktail dress, made of black heavy Surah silk. The loose gold lamé coat (right) is lined with the same material as the dress. Wearing it is one of Rome's young débutantes, Signorina Graziella Matarazzo, daughter of the Conte and Contessa Eduardo Bianco Matarazzo, of Rome and Rio de Janeiro



The exciting "Matador" outfit with high necked white ruffled blouse and dramatic tapered pants in white wool striped with green and black. This is also shown worn by Signorina Graziella Matarazzo. The large, loose flap pockets on the trousers are fringed with red and black tassels. Notice the signorina's amusing triangle earrings

## *And now the younger set of Italy*

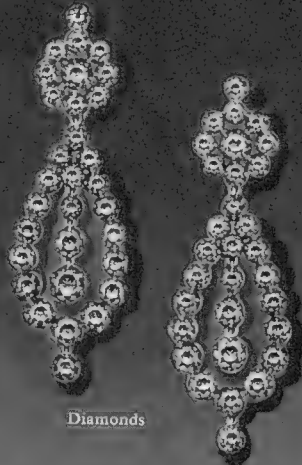
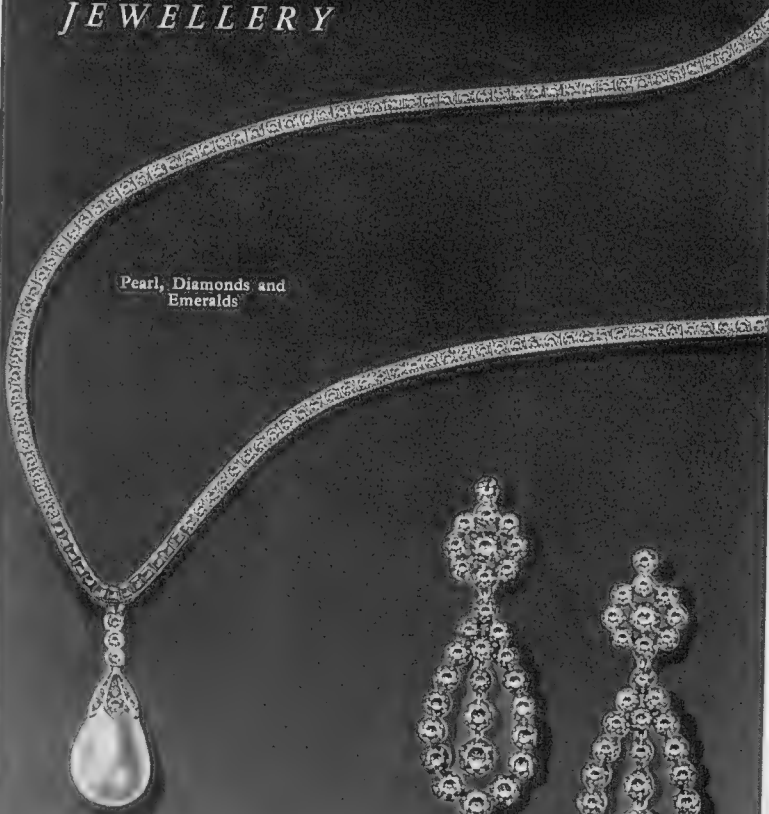
THESE photographs of Italian débutantes and ex-débutantes (writes Mariel Deans) were taken in Rome and show them wearing models from the new collection by Giouvenelli, of Rome. These clothes, which were launched just before the French collections and at the same time as the English ones, show that fashion nowadays is very international



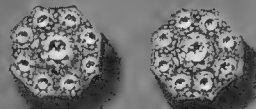
## MODERN JEWELLERY



Diamonds

Pearl, Diamonds and  
Emeralds

Diamonds

Sapphires  
and Diamonds

Diamonds

## MAPPIN AND WEBB LTD

London Showrooms

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4.

172, REGENT STREET, W.1.

156-162, OXFORD STREET, W.1.

SHEFFIELD SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK STREET.

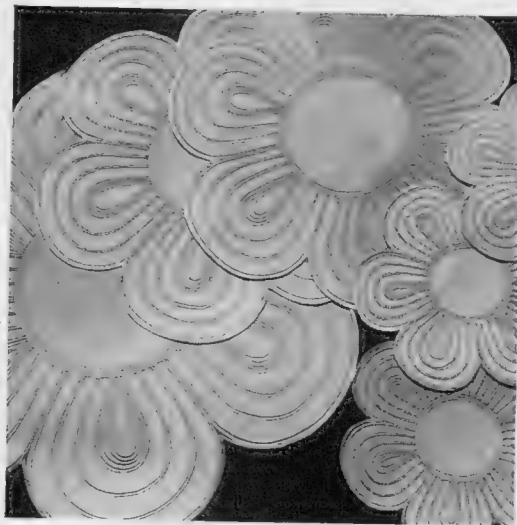


This is the attractive and useful Goblin "Teasmade." The model shown, D.25, is priced at £16 14s. 9d., from all leading stores

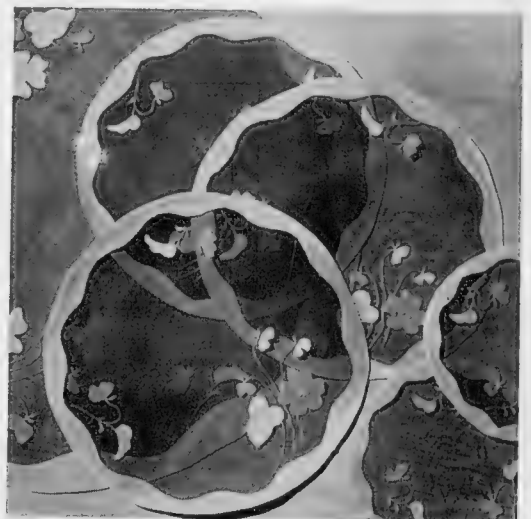
## Shopping

[Continuing on page 480]

## Tea is the topic



A lovely hand-painted luncheon set, of which there are several other designs. Prices from £8 8s. a set for six persons, from Fortnum and Mason



A springlike set of red organdie table mats with contrasting white appliqué design of violets. The set costs 99s. 6d. and is from Debenhams and Freebody

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Peter Claris

### *Tailored Suits at*

Tailored Suit in fine black or navy barathea  
with diamond buttons. Hips 38 to 42. 32 gns.

## *Debenham & Freebody*

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.





## All Eyes are on your Eyes!

This season there is a new look to beauty. Its focus is on the eyes, serene or gently provocative, given an arresting beauty by the subtlety of Elizabeth Arden's . . .

### Eye Make-up

**EYE-SHADO**—never so important as now. Blend two colours, one to make your eyes appear larger, the other to accent or echo the colour you are wearing. Brush on a delicate line of colour to outline the upper lid. Latest shades, Opal Blue, Emerald, Violet Argent

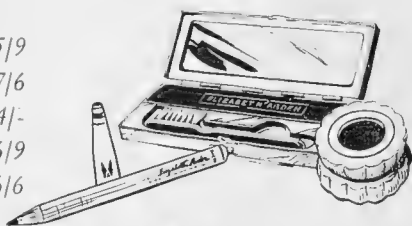
**EYEBROW PENCIL**—to draw the new pointed arch of brow. Use it deftly for outlining the lid to elongate the eyes. Black, Brown, Grey

**COSMETIQUE**—Feather your lashes with Blue-Black, Green Evening or Violet Evening for softly shadowed beauty. In elegant gilt case

**CRYSTALLINE EYE DROPS**—to bring added sparkle

**STIMULASH**—gives a glossy look to the lashes and keeps rebellious eyebrows smooth

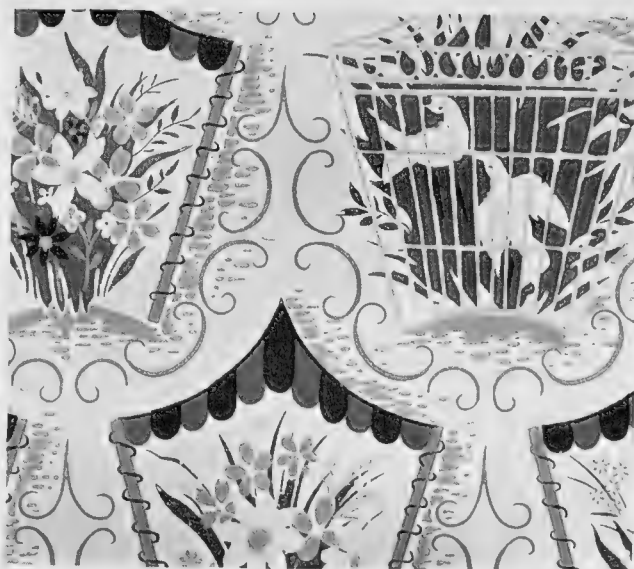
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# Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK 25. OLD BOND STREET. LONDON W.1

PARIS



Sanderson's "Gilded Cage" wallpaper

Shopping (continued)

## New wallpaper ideas



"Victoriana" wallpaper

**F**AMOUS for their original designs and beautiful colours in wallpapers, Sanderson's have recently brought out some delightful additions to the existing range.

It is interesting to note that any of the hand-printed patterns can be supplied in colourings to suit the individual taste and according to special order. We show you here a few examples of the latest designs which have an infinite variety.

News comes, too, of "Rollywood," the new decorative material, which, with a variety of uses, comes from Scandinavia. Rollywood is composed of strips of wood veneer plaited together with strong cotton thread, and can be applied in many ways to almost any surface. There seems to be no end to the various designs achieved with this new material, which looks equally effective as panelling on walls, or as sun-blinds or screens. It can even be used round pillars or in corners.

**I**N addition to all this, Sanderson's have something else of interest to those who are thinking of redecorating their rooms. This is an extremely effective new form of wall decoration called "Canotex," a closely woven jute canvas, possessing many virtues. Extremely hard wearing, it can, because of its special weave and waterproof backing, be brushed or scrubbed. It is very decorative, comes in twelve modern colours, and can be over-painted with distemper or oil paint. Best of all, Canotex is extremely good value for money. In a standard width of 36 in., it costs only 8s. a yard, tax free.

—JEAN CLELAND



"Henley," another charming Sanderson design



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A sophisticated elegance derived  
from symmetry and pure simplicity of  
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straw-material crown . . circled midway  
by a deep roll of burgundy  
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Regent 1616



Pearls and satin are not more lustrous and attractive than well cared for hands, which receive the regular treatment which is clearly outlined below



## Beauty

# Lighting-up time for nails

**L**UNCHING, dining, dancing, playing bridge, pouring tea, serving a meal, or merely gesticulating, hands are for ever in the limelight. Indoors there is no concealing them. One of the most important of all features, they are an expression, not only of the personality, but of the fastidious attention to detail which is the inner secret of good grooming.

Unlike the lilies of the field, most hands today are concerned with varying degrees of toil, and this makes it difficult to combine the useful with the decorative.

Most prevalent problem of all is that of nails that split and break, and since this is a condition that seems to be worrying many people just now I decided to make it the subject of my next treatment, and pay a visit to the Hand and Nail Culture Institute in Bond Street. Established twenty-five years ago, this claims to be London's only nail clinic, and is presided over by Coralie Godfrey.

**T**ALKING to her second in command, I learnt more about the nails than I had ever known before, and what causes white spots, ridges, rough cuticles and splitting. These and many other ills were explained to me, together with the cures which could restore the nails to health and beauty.

Treatments at the Hand and Nail Culture Institute vary according to individual needs, but the general treatment is as follows:

First, the existing enamel—or varnish—is removed with an oily remover, and immediately this has been done the nail is lightly smeared with a preparation called "Healthinale," which replaces some of the oil and counteracts dryness.

**N**EXT comes clipping and filing, in which one notices the emphasis is on "Not too much filing," as this tends to disturb the nail bed. Therefore before filing takes place, the nails are trimmed with precision clippers, and this is done in three clips; once in the centre and once on each side.

Now comes an interesting point. Acid collects under the cuticles and makes the cuticle stick to the nail plate. Since the nail grows at a quicker rate than the cuticle, this—the cuticle—is dragged up, and there is a sort of "tug-of-war,"

which results in splitting and what is called a "hang nail"! To guard against this—and cure it—the cuticles are very gently lifted and eased and disinfectant is applied with an orange stick. In addition, a "Healthinale" preparation is applied, which disperses the acid so that the growth of a healthy nail is promoted from the source.

In relation to this, we come to the question of ridges, of which there are two variations. Those that go down the nail—vertically—and those that go across—horizontally. Vertical ones are usually



A group of Coralie's preparations, whose use is described in the adjoining text

due to a collection of acid, and are often found with rheumatically people. When the ridges come to the top, they cause splitting. "Healthinale" applied at the base helps to avoid this condition.

Horizontal ones are usually caused by harsh treatment, in which the base of the nail gets damaged, and the answer to this is "go carefully" when you are working round the half-moon, for behind this is the "embryo nail," which is soft and very vulnerable.

**A**LL the foregoing helps towards the cure of splitting nails. In addition, however, they must be strengthened at the top. For this purpose a "tip food" is applied to the edge, which not only strengthens the nail, but helps it to adhere to the finger tip.

While the various foods, previously described, are doing their work, the hands are massaged with a preparation called "Klenza," which is used instead of soap and water. This massage in itself is scientific. Each finger is dealt with separately, from the base to the tip, with firm, vigorous strokes, to promote circulation.

Massage finished, the cream is wiped away and the hands sprayed with summer lotion or astringent lotion to remove all stickiness. Nails are cleansed and are then ready for polishing. This can either be done with "Healthinamel" (which, scientifically blended, does not stain the nails) or buffed with "Coralshine." If there is any infection, the latter course is strongly advocated until the trouble clears up. To guard against—and cure—splitting, the tips of the nails are filled with "Nail-o-Wax."

**B**EFORE leaving, I asked two questions: "How is it that sometimes, however often one scrubs one's nails, they still look dingy and dirty?" The answer is that the dingy look may be a discoloration due to an infection called "onychia," which no amount of scrubbing or "digging" with an orange stick will eradicate. Indeed, such treatment may accentuate the trouble, which can only be dealt with by means of scientific preparations that build the nail up to a normal and healthy condition.

Two. "What causes leukonychia" (white spots), and what is the cure?" The answer is that while these white spots seem to occur without any apparent reason, they are, in many cases, caused by damage done to the nail by external knocks, pressure or rough manicuring. Another cause is acidity in the system. The cure is a specially prepared iodine (which, though brown in colour, does not stain) called Iodindex. This is spread over the whole nail plate and supplied to the client to use at home. "Healthinale" is put over the top to counteract dryness.

**-Jean Cleland**



# EXOTIC BEAUTY



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*Vayle* fully fashioned nylons



## SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS



*Miss Jane March Hughes, only daughter of the late Mr. John Hughes, and of Mrs. Henry Chisholm, of Avenue Road, Cobham, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Anthony Bedford-Russell, Coldstream Guards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bedford-Russell, of Harley Street, W.1*

Fayer



*Miss Bridget King, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hazell King, of the British Embassy, Buenos Aires, is to marry Mr. John Michael Maturin-Baird, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. E. Maturin-Baird, of Langham Hall, Colchester, Essex*

Yevonde



*Miss Susan Senior, elder daughter of Brigadier Ronald Henry Senior, D.S.O., T.D., and the Hon. Mrs. Senior, of Egerton Place, S.W.3, is engaged to Mr. David E. Coleridge, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Coleridge, of Carrington House, Hertford Street, W.1*

Fayer



Bradford Bachrach



*Miss Wendy Allan-Smith, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Allan-Smith, of Chester Square, S.W.1, is engaged to Mr. Cecil Hardwick, third son of Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Hardwick, of Headcorn, Kent*

Lenare

*Miss Genevieve Lawson-Johnston, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston, of Park Avenue, New York, U.S.A., is to marry Mr. Armin St. George, son of the late Dr. Armin St. George, and of Mrs. St. George, of Park Avenue, New York*



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Clothing to the late



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King George VI



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## THEY WERE MARRIED



### LLOYD-WILLIAMS—SEDGMAN

*Lt. Richard Lloyd-Williams, R.N., younger son of Major Lloyd-Williams, M.C., and Mrs. Lloyd-Williams, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, married Miss Evelyn Anne Sedgman, only daughter of S/Ldr. and Mrs. J. N. Sedgman, of Yeovil, at Yeovil Parish Church*



### GOODBODY—GRANT

*Mr. Guy Urwick Goodbody, son of the late Mr. W. Urwick Goodbody, and of Mrs. Goodbody, of Mansion House, Invergarry, Inverness-shire, married Miss Alison Mary Grant, daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. M. Grant, of The Lodge, Findhorn, Morayshire, at St. John's, Forres*



### EYRES—LLEWELLYN

*Mr. Philip H. T. Eyres, elder son of Capt. W. C. T. Eyres, R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Eyres, of Burnham, Bucks, married Miss Jennifer J. Llewellyn, daughter of the late Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. S. E. Llewellyn, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3*



### KNAGGS—FREISLICH

*Mr. George H. Knaggs, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. F. Knaggs, of Mau Summit, Kenya, married Miss Petronella R. Freislich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Freislich, of Nairobi, at Molo, Kenya*



### SYMINGTON—STUART

*The marriage took place in Cape Town of Mr. Neil Colquhoun Symington, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. C. Symington, and Miss Mary Stuart, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. L. A. Stuart, of St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex*





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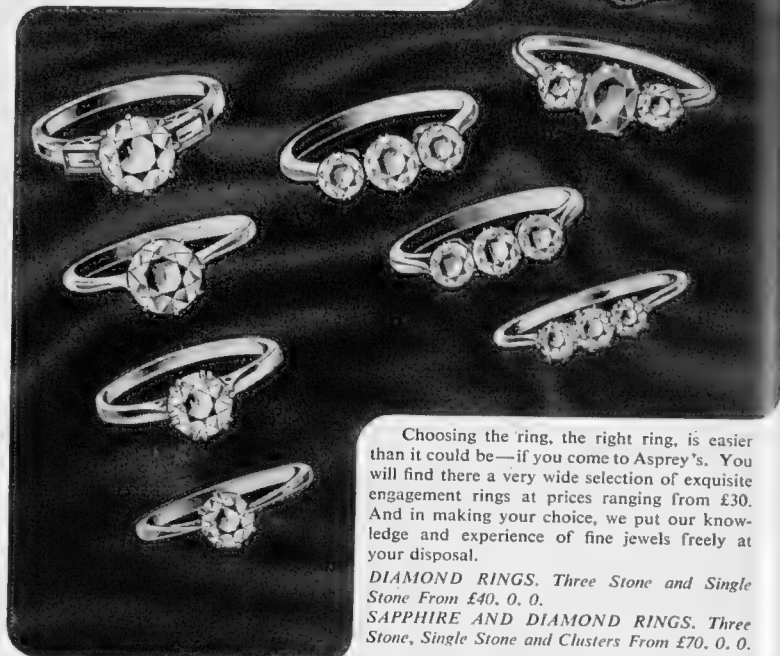
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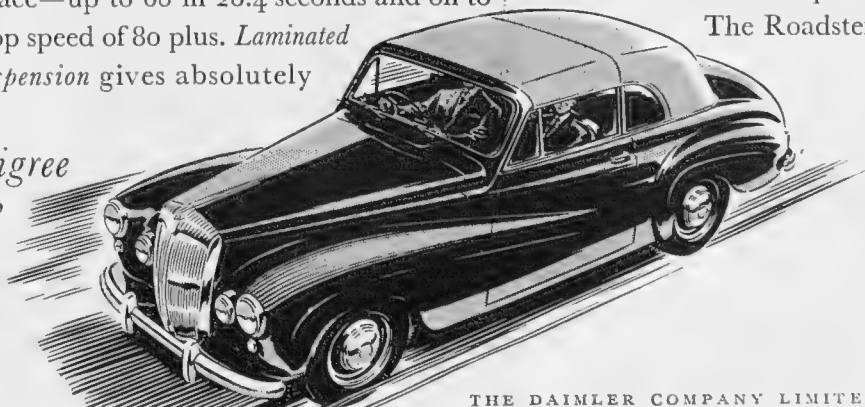
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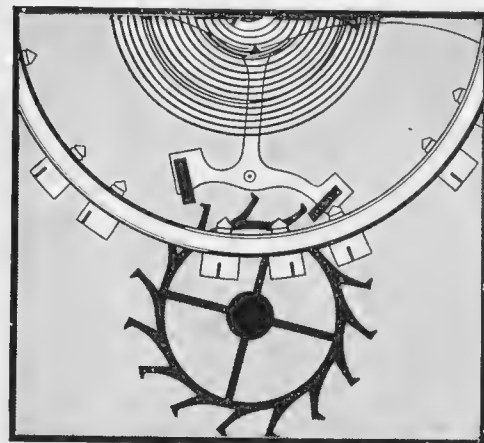
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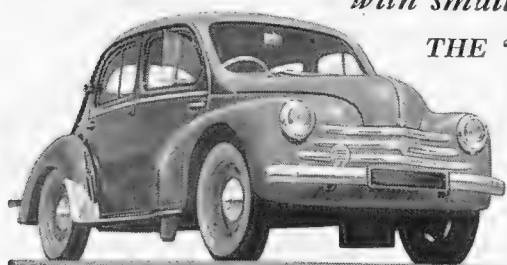
**ECONOMY.** Overdrive gives exceptional petrol economy—(28 to 30 m.p.g.). Removable cylinder liners (replacement parts at £15) save the cost of a re-bore.

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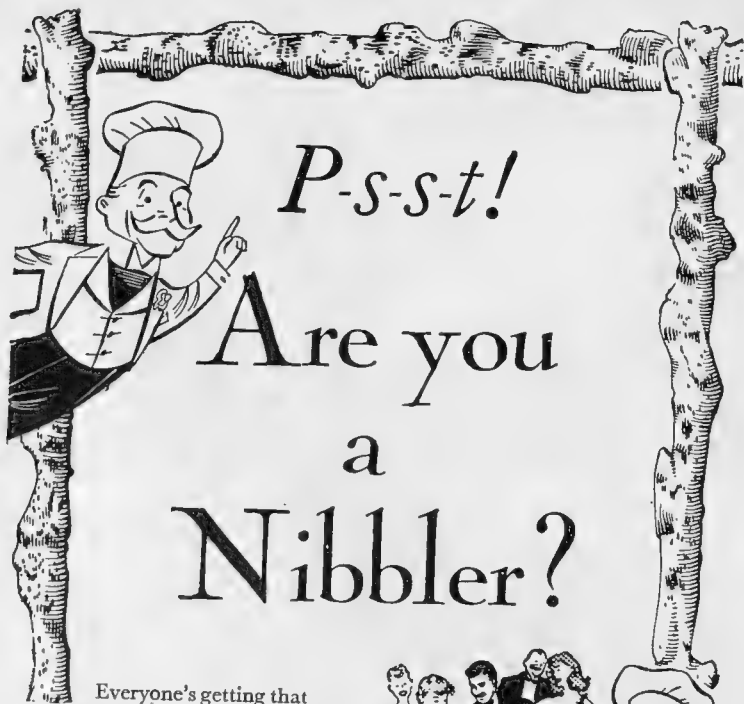
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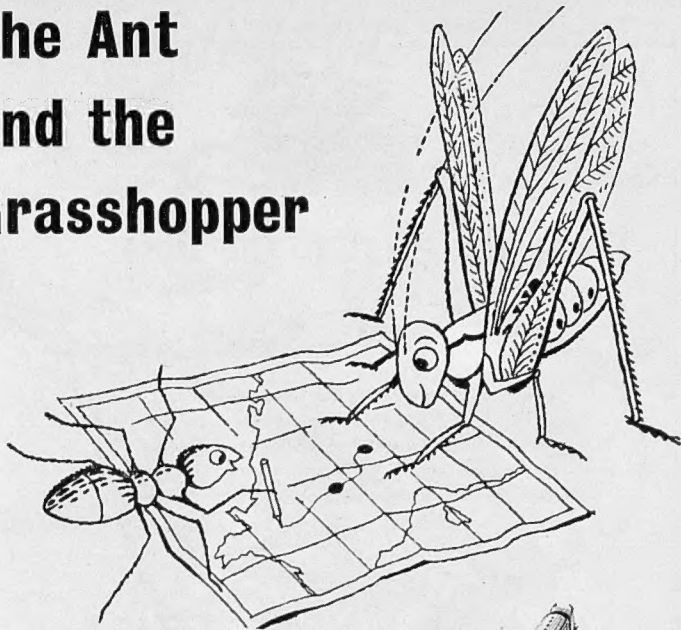
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...were on holiday in France. "I'll take charge"  
said Ant, and started to work  
out routes, costs and times.  
"I find" he said at last,  
"that ideal travel is  
a combination of speed, comfort and economy!"

Grasshopper chuckled. "That's exactly  
why I bought  
these train  
tickets" he said.

... Which points

the moral  
that it is best  
to travel by  
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**PARTY TICKETS** issued for return,  
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*Better travel by*

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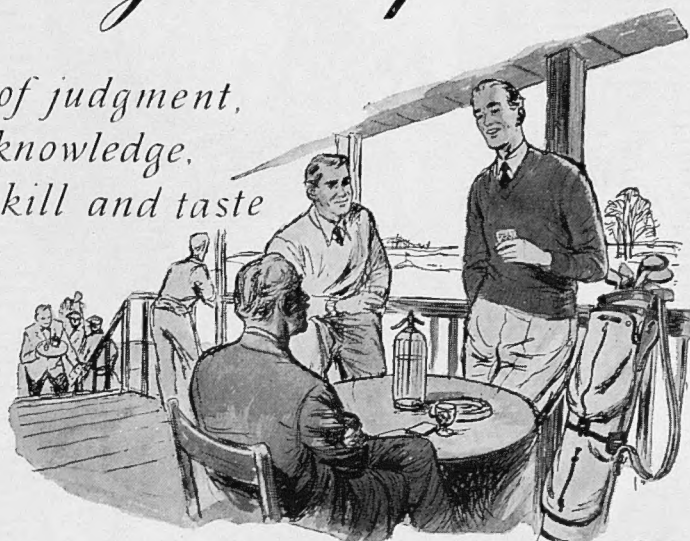


Information, tickets and reservations  
from any good Travel Agent or

French Railways Ltd., 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1

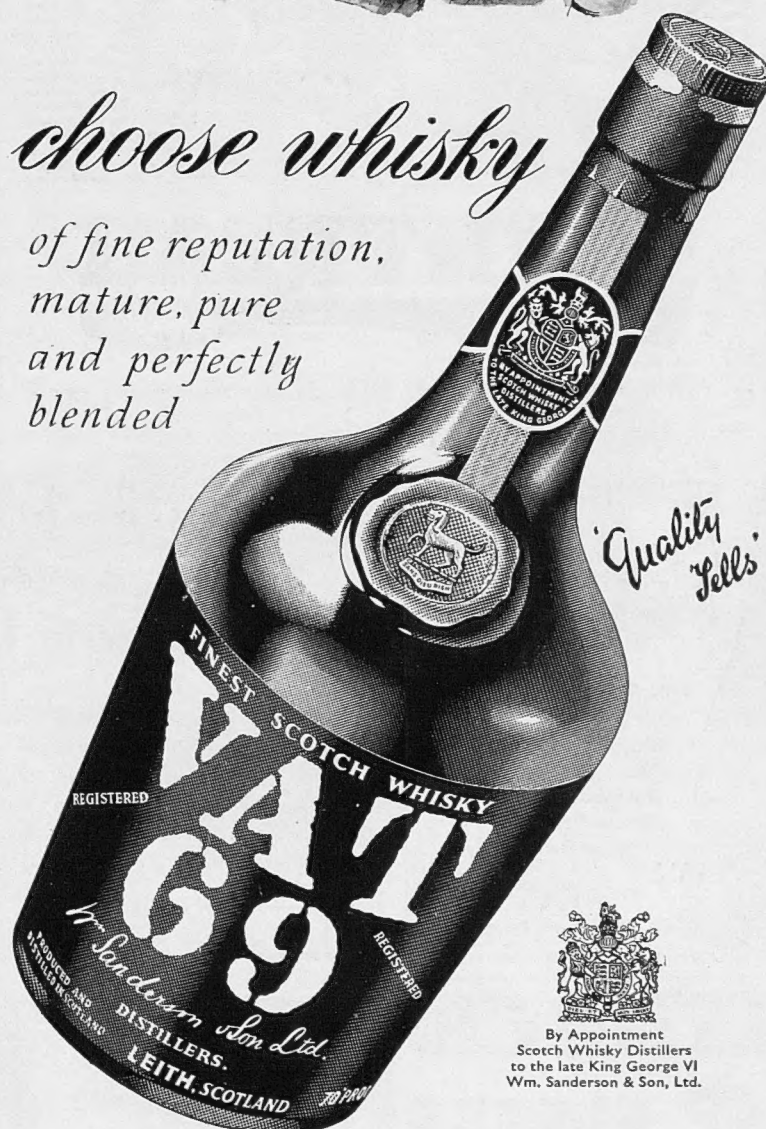
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*of judgment,  
knowledge,  
skill and taste*



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mature, pure  
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blended*



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Sells'*



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Scotch Whisky Distillers  
to the late King George VI  
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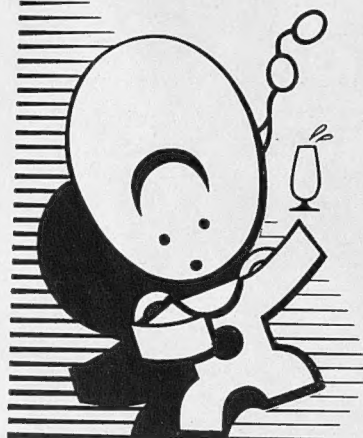
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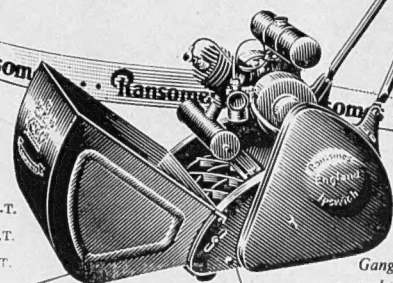
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## *EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES*



THE Arms illustrated are those of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles. Born in 1781, he was employed in the East India House as an extra clerk at the age of fourteen. Sent to Penang as Assistant Secretary to the East India Company's establishment in 1805, he became Secretary and Registrar of the Records Court two years later.

In 1811 Sir Thomas was made the Governor General's Agent in Malacca. As a result of his efforts the whole of Java came under British Rule within a year. He was appointed Governor of Bencoolen in 1818, and personally hoisted the British Flag at Singapore on February 29th, 1819. It is probably due to him more than to any other individual that the site of this immensely important strategic naval base was

acquired for Great Britain. He died in 1826.

The Blazon of his Armorial Ensigns reads :

"Or a double headed Eagle displayed Gules charged on the breast with an Eastern Crown of the first, on a Chief Vert pendent from a chain two oval Medallions in Pale the one bearing arabic characters and the other a dagger in fess the blade wavy the point towards the dexter in relief Or, the said medallions and chain being a representation of a personal decoration called the Order of the Golden Sword conferred upon him by the Chief or King of Atcheen in Sumatra as a mark of the high regard of the said King and in testimony of the good understanding which had been happily established between that Prince and the British Government ; and for a crest out of an Eastern Crown Or a Gryphon's Head Purpure gorged with a collar gemel Gold ".

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